THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS

for April, 1932

Articles

THREE CONTINENTS IN TRAVAIL
I. THE END OF NEGATION ..... *A London Editor* 106
II. AMERICAN 'REFLATION' ..... *Leopold Schwarzschild* 108
III. JAPAN AGAINST AMERICA ..... *Wilhelm Tietgens* 110
IV. IS FRANCE BACKING JAPAN? ..... *W. Colepepper* 113
GERMAN THRENODY ..... *Erwin Ritter* 116
OLD AND NEW IN RUSSIA
I. NEW PLANS FOR RUSSIA ..... *Nikolaus Basseches* 121
II. FROM SAINT PETERSBURG TO LENINGRAD ..... *Friedrich Sieburg* 123
SPAIN FROM INSIDE ..... *Francisco Lucientes* 128
ESSAYS IN PROPHECY ..... *Theodor Lessing* 132
COMMUNISM OR HUMANISM?
I. THE NECESSITY OF COMMUNISM ..... *John Middleton Murry* 147
II. THE NECESSITY OF HUMANISM ..... *Ernst Robert Curtius* 152
SCOTT AND NORTHCLIFFE ..... *A. G. Gardiner* 155
GERMANY'S LITERARY REVENGE ..... *André Levinson* 163
AN HOUR WITH ANDRÉ MAUROIS ..... *Frédéric Lefèvre* 168

Departments

THE WORLD OVER 95
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
OTTO BRAUN, PRUSSIAN PRIME MINISTER 137
THE WORK OF LEONID LEONOV ..... *Maxim Gorki* 140
IN PRAISE OF 'ALAIN' ..... *Denis Saurat* 143
BOOKS ABROAD 174
LETTERS AND THE ARTS 180
AS OTHERS SEE US 184
WAR AND PEACE 188

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

GLOOM still pervades the international as well as the national scene. Our leading quartette of articles calls attention to the plight of Europe, America, and Asia. The *Week-end Review* surveys world affairs from the British point of view and finds small cause for good cheer anywhere. The editor of the radical *Tagebuch* then analyzes the Steagall-Glass Bill in the light of German experience with both inflation and deflation. Next a moderate German Socialist shows how and why American and Japanese ambitions are clashing in Asia. The Japanese, it seems, want to sell goods to China; we want to build factories because China is too far away to buy our wares. Finally, still another German sums up most of the evidence that has been drifting through the world press tending to implicate France as a backer of Japan's attack on Asia.

THE German Nationalist Socialist Party brings out one monthly of real intellectual importance—the *Tat*. We translate from it a striking lament for the German metropolis,—*die Stadt*, meaning Berlin,—which is shown to be in a much worse plight than the country districts, whose habitants at least have a direct connection with their source of food. Although the prevailing tone of Erwin Ritter's essay is one of despair, he finally draws consolation from the fact that the crisis has made all citizens of the Reich understand that they have a common destiny and a common Fatherland.

WE have often had occasion to quote the dispatches of Nikolaus Basseches, Moscow correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, who is probably the best informed newspaper man in Russia. He makes a point of following what happens outside Moscow and outside Communist Party circles and he outlines the new plans of the Soviet Government against the background of Russia as a whole. We supplement this economic interpretation with a more literary description of modern Leningrad by Friedrich Sieburg, who has made an international reputation for himself, first as Paris, and now as London, correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. He is the author of *Gott in Frankreich*, which Macmillan has just published in the United States under the title, *Who Are These French?*

EVER since the Spanish Revolution occurred sporadic uprisings have been breaking out in the little country towns as a result of the Government's failure to settle the agrarian problem more rapidly. A reporter from *El Sol* visited one of these little towns shortly after four civil guards had been murdered there. These guards represent the national government, and since most of them are the same men who were upholding the monarchy only a year ago the peasants automatically associate them with their oppressors. By painting on a small canvas and depicting only his personal experience, Francisco Lucientes has captured the spirit of a whole nation.

THEODOR LESSING, professor of philosophy at the University of Hanover, is the author of several grandiloquent yet readable volumes on Europe and Asia and on history 'as a giver of meaning to the meaningless.' His writing has a magnificent sweep and is saved from pompousness by his love of humor and paradox. We present two of his most recent essays, both highly characteristic. In one he speculates on the fate of China and in the other he chants a dirge over the corpse of 'bourgeois liberalism.'

J. MIDDLETON MURRY, friend and biographer of D. H. Lawrence, has just been converted to Communism. But it is his own kind of Communism, and not quite that of the Third International. The political organization to which Mr. Murry has declared his allegiance is the Independent Labor Party, a left-wing group led by James Maxton. Like many of the young

(*Continued on page 187*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

BETWEEN now and June, when the Lausanne Conference meets, France and England will have to agree upon some common policy in respect to debts and reparations. With Germany committed to repudiation and America to collection, the other two chief interested powers must do something to break the present deadlock or the banking and currency systems of Europe will go to smash. It is not hard to foresee the direction in which they will move. England has always advocated complete cancellation for the simple reason that it would not cost her a penny; France has so far refused to take a similar line because she would lose her unconditional reparations. But the crisis has now invaded French soil and France might be persuaded to forego reparations if she could be convinced that such a concession on her part would lift the crisis and not lead to further concessions in regard to the Versailles Treaty. Events may prove more effective than arguments on the first point, but England will have to make some guarantee or concession to prove that abandonment of the Young Plan is not a preliminary step toward abandonment of the Versailles Treaty.

A series of four articles by Brigadier General E. L. Spears in the *Daily Telegraph*, a Conservative London daily that reflects the point of view of the present Cabinet about as accurately as any publication in the country, urges the English to see the French point of view. In particular General Spears points out what a formidable competitor Germany would be if she were released from reparations payments because then her public debt would only amount to an equivalent of £8 per capita as compared with £150 for England, the idea being that Britain should not let Germany recover too much. Coöperation with France is therefore clearly necessary:—

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> It seems to Frenchmen that the reconstruction of Europe must have a solid foundation, and that that foundation can be provided only by a Franco-British understanding. To obtain this France is prepared to do everything but sacrifice her vital interests. It is for England to decide whether she will accept this offer of collaboration, or whether she will adopt an attitude that will first drive France into sulky isolation and then impel her to come to understandings with other nations that might prove highly detrimental to us, both in the political and in the economic field.

The last thing that General Spears wants is a Franco-German agreement to which England is not a party:—

> It is important to realize that the best and surest road, and in the long run the shortest, from Paris to Berlin, runs via London, and that the safest one from London to Berlin lies through Paris.

With England, the advocate of cancellation, acting the part of intermediary between France and Germany, the United States is left outside holding the bag.

ON the first of March, when Britain finally abandoned free trade, the entire Conservative press announced that the return of prosperity had at last begun. The same arguments that American protectionists have always used were brought forward and the usual scathing retorts were made by such die-hard free-trade advocates as the *Manchester Guardian*. Here, for instance, is a paragraph from the London *Economist* discussing Neville Chamberlain's announcement of the new duties:—

> We can find no saving grace in Mr. Chamberlain's pronouncement. He shows not the least trace of recognition of the tariff stranglehold that is bringing international trade to a standstill, or of the need for Britain to give a lead toward saner policies; and, as regards tariffs in their domestic application, he is still dreaming the old, delusive dreams of protectionists. One passage in his speech—if not more—suggests that his mentality is one that regards all imports as a curse and all 'diversion' of trade as a blessing. Once again, in this year of grace, even after twenty years of constant exposure of such fallacies, he pleads that tariffs will stimulate exports, that the cost of living will not rise, that the consumer will be safeguarded, and that industrial efficiency will be increased. Such claims, we suppose, have been made by the introducers of every tariff measure in the world, and we know not a single case in which they have not been proved utterly worthless.

But some of the supporters of the tariff have new ideas as to how it may be employed. The *Week-end Review*, whose editors resigned in a body from the old *Saturday Review* two years ago when they were ordered to support imperial protection, believes that tariffs may be the first step toward a planned national economy:—

> The real question of the moment is no longer protection versus free trade but creative protection, using tariffs as an instrument for planned reconstruction against crude, old-fashioned protection of the type so thoroughly discredited by the present plight of all the countries adhering to it. While the static tariff can be nothing but an obstruction, tariffs dynamically used by an intelligent and independent body acting on a considered plan may rapidly justify their existence, through eliminating a

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large part of the wastes and maladjustments of the present time. Clearly a large measure of control of imports and exports is essential to any scheme of British reconstruction.

A week later the same paper amplified the idea as follows:—

> The introduction of general protective tariffs certainly marks the end of an epoch, but we doubt whether those who have clamored most persistently quite realize what that implies. Of their own free will the overwhelming body of British business men have admitted their inability to survive in modern conditions, and have come to the state for protection. Now they have got it, and, as business men, they are no doubt ready to pay the price. For what they have done is not just to surrender the free-trade fort, but to surrender private enterprise. From now on economic development will be watched and guided by the community. The Tariff Advisory Committee may or may not be given powers and personnel which will make it from the outset a decisive directive force. If it fails, it must be reorganized or replaced by a real instrument of 'creative protection,' for the risks of permanently subsidizing inefficiency are not so serious as they are made out to be. In this country exports make the margin of general inefficiency fairly narrow. In any case free-trade is gone, and a planned economy is that much nearer.

Next summer's Ottawa Conference will advance planned economy several steps further. Efforts will certainly be made to include all the Dominions, Crown Colonies, and mandated territories within a tariff wall that may also shelter the Argentine, Uruguay, Denmark, and Holland. The establishment of a single imperial currency unit is also likely to be attempted, and some of the South American and Scandinavian states may be urged to base their currencies on the pound sterling, 'to the benefit of our own and the prejudice of our competitors' trade,' as the *Saturday Review* says.

HAVING lost 235 seats in Parliament at the last election, the British Labor Party is considering plans for reorganization. Already a trend away from Conservatism has been noted, but it would have to be a landslide to return Labor to a commanding position. Some months ago we quoted G. D. H. Cole as urging Labor to become a class and not a national party, but the difficulty here seems to be that a working-class party will inevitably be dominated by the Trade-Union Congress. Keir Hardie, one of the pioneers in the British Labor movement, used to urge his followers to welcome 'all who render useful service whether by the pen or the spade.' The *New Statesman and Nation* prints a striking article by a Labor supporter and Oxford don named Godfrey Elton who argues that 'working-class solidarity' is a thing of the past and advocates a return to Keir Hardie's policy:—

> Neither purely trade-union support nor even purely working-class support can provide an effective majority in Parliament, not even if the working-class vote were cast almost unanimously for Labor, which it never has been and never will be as long as Labor is apparently dominated by a trade-union caucus which a considerable proportion of the working-class cordially mistrusts. For, thanks to its concentration in certain areas, in more than half the constituencies the working-class vote represents less than half the electorate. So that, though it was largely upon

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ethical grounds that Keir Hardie and the pioneers preached their creed as a gospel of national, and not merely sectional, well-being, to-day for utilitarian reasons alone it is true that merely sectional policies are doomed.

He urges all who render useful service to join the Labor Party, which, in turn, must abandon its class prejudices:—

The political alignment of the future will be, not the struggle which Marx prophesied of haves against have-nots, but of that vast majority of the nation which lives by 'rendering useful service' against those whom Keir Hardie called 'parasites' and whom we call 'profiteers.' The struggle which the pioneers dimly foresaw —across the inevitable interval of the effort for extended social services—is about to begin.

But even the British worker is not completely docile, and the *Saturday Review* reports that the Communists, who have never had anything of a hold in England, are beginning to increase their numbers at the expense of Labor. Needless to say, Communism would never come into power in England by parliamentary means, and men of Mr. Elton's type still hope to install real socialism without violence.

BEARISH news has now become the order of the day in France. M. Lamoureux, reporter general for the French Treasury, foresees a budget deficit of 2,473 million francs in 1932 and of 7,300 million in 1933. On paper, however, the 1932 budget balances because the financial year was cut to nine months to coincide with the calendar year. The trouble, says M. Lamoureux, is that past deficits must be covered and that the Government has been advancing large sums to foreign governments and to private French undertakings. Yugoslavia has received more than half a billion francs, Hungary 354 millions, and Poland 213 millions, and the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique and two big banks have received still larger sums. Meanwhile, unemployment is increasing, salaries and wages are declining, and the cost of living is rising. Wholesale prices are less than they were before the War, but retail prices are higher. In January all prices began to advance because of higher tariffs, which gave a temporary stimulus to industry but which at once led to decreased sales. Prices of farm products are being artificially maintained far above the world level, and there is every reason to believe that France has now gone in for economic nationalism as violently as she has gone in for political nationalism in the past.

LAST month we referred to certain rumors we had picked up in the foreign press to the effect that France has been backing Japan's attack on China. The *Week-end Review*, one of the most consistent critics of French policy anywhere, has indorsed this thesis, which, incidentally, is elucidated at greater length elsewhere in this issue:—

According to disclosures in the French weekly, *La Lumière*, which have since been repeated in the Chamber, the relations between the two countries are more in

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keeping with the new style of secret diplomacy now prevailing. It appears that the French minister of marine, M. Charles Dumont, is chairman of the Banque Franco-Japonaise. On the board of this bank appears also the name of the Count Armand of Saint-Sauveur, brother-in-law and representative of M. Eugène Schneider, of Creusot. Thus the French minister, who is also one of France's delegates to the Disarmament Conference, is in close business relations with the brains of the French armaments trust, and both are linked intimately with the nation that has so successfully defied the League.

The same journal also accuses Laval of having arranged to be overthrown on the ground that he felt his chances of becoming premier after the elections would be improved if he did not assume responsibility for what happened immediately before. He may, however, be disappointed, for the *Week-end Review* believes that the reactionary groups are doomed to defeat at the polls:—

While the situation is exceedingly confused, there seems reason to believe that Tuesday's action of the French Senate may mark a decisive turning point in the history of Europe. Undoubtedly everything hangs on what happens in Paris, and if the left plays its hand well in the coming critical weeks the present blockade of the world may soon be raised. What matters, of course, is not the defeat of M. Laval but the defeat of the men behind him.

HOW the Paris newspapers, whose proprietors have good business reasons for opposing disarmament, have been reporting the tragi-comedy at Geneva is significantly revealed in the columns of *Je Suis Partout*. An anonymous correspondent who signs himself 'The Pilgrim of Peace' starts out by saying that 'there were never so many bored and boring people in Geneva . . . Bad humor is the order of the day, plus bad faith and bad will.' He attacks Arthur Henderson for his connections with the Second Socialist International and accuses German-American propagandists of having bribed the French Senate to overthrow the Laval Cabinet and thus embarrass that ardent pacifist, André Tardieu. Hugh Gibson is represented as an involuntary Pontius Pilate whose efforts are hamstrung by the American Congress, which, it seems, is shot through and through with German propaganda. The 'Pilgrim' mocks at Brüning's speech because it referred to Germany's impoverishment, and Italy was represented as playing the rôle of Marguerite to the German Faust because Signor Grandi urged immediate action toward accomplishing some of the purposes for which the Conference had been summoned. Litvinov, 'with a savory Yiddish accent,' succeeded in 'disarming the Disarmament Conference' by reducing it to hysterics of laughter. If the mind of France were identical with the press of France, the prospects for peace would be even slimmer than they are.

HERE, in brief statistical outline, is the economic position of Germany at the outset of 1932. In spite of the standstill agreements German banks

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succeeded in repaying 1,250 million marks to foreign short-term creditors during the latter half of 1931, but the total foreign short-term indebtedness still stands at over 7,000 million marks. German stocks and shares lost about half their value in 1931. Production declined 36 per cent in the past two and a half years and unemployment had risen to over six million at the turn of the year, the highest figure on record. The favorable trade balance increased from 1,650 million marks in 1930 to 3,000 million in 1931, but exports declined from 12,075 millions to 9,599 millions during that period, while imports dropped from 10,393 to 6,721 millions. In two years wholesale prices in Germany have declined 30 per cent, whereas the cost of living fell 18 per cent and wages dropped 20 per cent. Last year the budget had to be readjusted three times because expenditures increased by an unexpected 700 millions, and revenues dropped to 1,700 millions below what was estimated. In the light of all the material we have presented on the subject and in the light of two articles in this issue on reactionary tendencies in Germany, no comment is called for here.

QUOTATIONS from National Socialist newspapers, speeches, and political songs presented to the Reichstag provide documentary proof of the fact that the followers of Hitler openly advocate murder as an instrument of party policy. The *Angriff*, Berlin National Socialist organ, edited by Dr. Joseph Goebbels, refers as follows to the Communists: 'This gang of Red murderers must be blown off the streets with bombs and machine guns.' Dr. Telschow, one of the leading orators of the party, addressed a meeting in October 1929 as follows: 'We shall fight with every weapon. Fighting means dead bodies. If we encounter Jewish scum we shall stride over graves.' But the choicest item in the collection was an anti-Semitic campaign song which went this way, freely rendered into English:—

When the storm soldier opens fire
Then he is full of pleasure.
And when Jewish blood spurts from his knife
Then things are going fine.

The Jews and the Marxists
Bring us no salvation.
We'll cut the heads off
Severing and his comrades.

Blood must flow. Cudgels will fall like hail.
We despise the freedom of the Jewish Republic.

While these passages were being read aloud in the Reichstag, the National Socialist deputies arose from their seats and stalked out of the hall.

WITH 878,000 workers listed as unemployed, Italy cannot be said to have met the world crisis any more successfully under Fascism than the

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other capitalist countries have under more democratic forms of government. Since Mussolini came into power and restricted emigration, only allowing people who could find no work to leave the country, 700,000 more Italians have gone abroad than have returned to their native land. Then, too, the army, navy, and Fascist militia have provided several hundred thousand jobs, so that the official count of unemployed, representing as it does only industrial workers, means that Italy is worse off industrially than any other nation with the possible exception of the United States. It is estimated, in short, that about half the industrial population of the country is unemployed. In September 1926, six thousand factories that employed 989,000 men listed 90,000 more workers as unemployed. In October these same factories were employing 486,000 people. It is generally assumed that the condition of these factories is representative of the condition of the country as a whole.

WITH Austria and Hungary both having to depend more and more upon their own resources, the prospect of political and social revolution in Central Europe draws nearer. Already Hungary has defaulted on most of her long-term debts and the best opinion is that Austria will have to do likewise. Foreign trade has virtually ceased in both countries and new transactions have to be carried out by barter because no credits are available. The exclusion of imports on account of dwindling buying power gave domestic industries a brief period of activity, but now there is no money or credit available to purchase raw materials. Trouble in Austria may arise from one of two sources. Either the Government will antagonize the peasants by requisitioning food or the unemployed industrial workers may start rioting and raiding country districts. Up to now lack of leadership on top and lethargy below have prevented trouble, but the war-time spirit of sacrifice has gone and nobody can tell how long a starving population will remain docile or what will happen if it is aroused. The root of the trouble lies in the new frontiers and tariff barriers, which prevent the free exchange of goods, and nothing has been done to improve matters because the Great Powers have always had more important matters on their hands. From time to time, however, episodes like the Austro-German tariff project of last spring and the failure of the Austrian Credit-Anstalt Bank last summer reveal that Austria is the weakest and therefore the most important link in the chain that was forged around Europe at Versailles.

LITVINOV'S perennial proposal of complete and universal disarmament and his Government's pacific attitude toward Japan have aroused the usual incredulity and suspicion abroad. But the best informed observers, inside and outside Russia, know that peace is more necessary to the Soviet Union than to any other country. Stalin's régime stands or falls with the Five-Year Plan, and this means that every expenditure of effort or money

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that does not aid in the work of industrial construction is pure waste. The immediate threat to the accomplishment of the Plan is a financial one: owing to the world crisis Russia cannot sell enough goods abroad to buy from other countries the materials and machinery that she needs. Yet the same foreigners who believe that Bolshevism has created nothing but misery and poverty in Russia also fear that Russia is about to launch a world war. Actually, the Red Army is half the size of the old Tsarist army which, with far better equipment, was beaten in 1905 by the Japanese and in 1914 by the Germans and Austrians. A Bolshevist military offensive is therefore out of the question. The only time when the Russians might have fought was last September, when the Japanese had not made up their minds quite how far they dared to go, but Moscow made no move, fearing that war in the East would lay the country open to attack from the West. Russia's pacifism is solely the expression of her weakness. It does not mean that the Kremlin has abandoned the hope of world revolution. That must wait until another day.

NIKOLAUS BASSECHES, Moscow correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, who discusses Russia's future plans elsewhere in this issue, is always calling attention to the problems of Soviet currency and wages. We have already quoted several of his references to the reversal of policy that occurred last year when wages were paid in proportion to the actual amount of labor performed, and now he says that another reform is being introduced. Up to the first of the year, a worker's ruble, a peasant's ruble, and a non-citizen's ruble each bought different quantities of goods, but now the ruble has the same value no matter who spends it. Nevertheless the industrial workers do still enjoy certain favors because there are four different kinds of shops with different prices and not everybody has access to all of them. Certain shops are closed to the members of certain social groups and the purchases that each individual can make in the lower-priced shops are limited. Here is an example of the way the system works. The official price of butter at the state stores is 3.60 rubles per kilogramme, while the so-called 'medium-high-priced' shops charge 4.20 rubles. At the commercial state stores butter sells for 16 to 20 rubles, and on the free market for 25 rubles. Lately a fifth establishment known as the 'Torgsin' has been opened where imported and domestic goods are sold for gold, foreign currencies, or gold rubles, and here butter sells for 1.80 rubles. At first there was just one of these shops in Moscow for the benefit of tourists, but now branches have been opened in many parts of the country and Russians who receive money from abroad can go to them and purchase whatever goods they need, giving the state real money in exchange.

FIGURES made public by the Japanese Government throw new light on the war in China. Foreign trade returns for 1931 show that higher tariffs

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failed to reduce the rising adverse balance, which amounted to 67 million yen in 1929, 76 million in 1930, and 88 million in 1931. Customs receipts fell from 147 million yen in 1929 to 111 million in 1931, but the latter figure represents 25 per cent of the value of all dutiable goods imported that year, whereas the former figure represents only 17 per cent of the value of the dutiable goods imported in 1929. In other words, the tariff has not succeeded in keeping out highly taxed goods but has only affected those that pay small duties. Not only is Japan's position as a world power becoming increasingly precarious in respect to trade, but her policy in China and Manchuria does not seem likely to improve matters. With only 28 per cent of Japan's food supply coming from Manchuria—and this figure includes all the soy-bean imports, which are partly used to make lubricating oil—it is difficult to agree with certain Japanese propagandists who have asserted that their country had to occupy Manchuria or starve. The *Japan Weekly Chronicle*, a liberal British-owned weekly published in Kobe, makes this comment:—

> During the twenty troubled years during which Japan has had no peace in Manchuria, Manchurian exports rose steadily, with hardly a setback, from 22 million yen in 1907 to 425 million yen in 1929. This enormous growth is due in large part to Japanese activities, and nobody would wish to rob Japan of the credit. But the propagandists cannot have it both ways. When all this trade pours through the South Manchuria Railway, it seems rather ungrateful to talk about the precariousness of the supplies and the necessity for putting an end to China's nonsense.

It then defines the 'dilemma' of Japanese propagandists as follows:—

> Japanese propagandists are in a dilemma. They have to explain that the country is paralyzed and ruined by banditry, hence the necessity of restoring order because of the necessity of its produce to Japan's very existence. They also have to explain how the great development seen is due to Japan's keeping order. In practice they reckon on the lack of intelligence of their audiences and they are seldom disappointed. As for figures, their audiences are quite content with figures of speech. Twenty-eight per cent of Japan's food imports is an important matter; but it does not look so important when we compare 37 million yen [the total value of Japan's food imports from Manchuria in 1931] with a domestic rice crop which by itself is worth 1,800 million yen. To describe Japan as starving to death without the produce of Manchuria is looking so far into the future that it is difficult to believe that self-defense on economic grounds was so urgent that the military could not wait to ask the consent of the Foreign Office before it acted.

Such considerations as these and the early reverses that the Japanese troops suffered at Shanghai caused the London *Economist* to pass this significant judgment:—

> Japan is in a desperate position, and her ultimate debacle is really as certain in 1932 as Germany's was in 1914. The parallel suggests, however, that the tragedy may take three or four years to work itself out, and may finish off the monstrous process, which began in 1914, of the sabotaging of our civilization. Already Japan has lost the stakes for which she is playing. She has lost her China trade; she has had to withdraw her commercial community from Shanghai; and even her assets in Manchuria seem likely to depreciate to zero in a welter of guerrilla warfare. Thus Baron Shidehara's farsighted policy of supporting Japan's growing population by

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a proportionate increase in her exports—a policy which he and his colleagues pursued with so much political patience and restraint and so much economic skill and energy during the decade ending last September—has been undone by the world economic crisis and by Japanese militarism in a crazy alliance. What two years of world crisis spared, militarism has finished off in five months.

A FEW English journals, however, still preserve a sympathetic attitude toward Japan. The Conservative *Morning Post* features a long article by Roy Bishop, who recently returned from a tour of Japan, where he had been supervising an exhibition of British art in Tokyo. Mr. Bishop complains that England is destroying, perhaps unwittingly, 'the most valuable of her friendships in the Far East.' Between November and February he noticed with growing alarm a complete reversal in the Japanese attitude toward Great Britain:—

My impression during the first part of my stay in Tokyo was that, of all visitors, the English were the most welcome. The staff of the British Embassy in Tokyo were immensely popular with the Japanese, and I personally found that the amount of kindness and attention paid to the English visitor was almost embarrassing.

What was most remarkable was the fact that this friendly spirit had nothing whatever to do with the merits or position of the individual; it was the Japanese way of expressing admiration and respect for Great Britain.

But before I left Tokyo for Shanghai a definite change for the worse had taken place in the Japanese attitude to England and Englishmen. The British Embassy was continually having to be cleared of protesting groups of Japanese, and on one occasion a stone crashed through the glasswork of an Embassy car. Bitterly anti-English articles had also begun to appear in the Japanese press.

The trouble, he says, is that Japan identifies England with the League of Nations, especially since Lord Cecil has called Japan the 'aggressor' and China 'that honorable and loyal member of the League of Nations.' In its editorial columns, the *Morning Post* criticizes Lord Cecil for jumping at conclusions:—

If Great Britain and even that notoriously friendly power, the United States, were forced only a few years ago to invade and bombard one part or another of China, they were no doubt justified; and, if they were justified, there may also be justification for Japan. The degree of violence may be greater; but in principle there seems to be very little difference. The case made by Japan is that, after consultation with the other powers, she landed a force of marines in the International Settlement; that the marines were attacked from Chapei, and that her attack on that district was necessary to the defense of her force. Lord Cecil forgets all about the anarchy, the outrages, the robberies and lawlessness that have forced not only Japan but every other power to use strong measures, and Japan's defense is their defense: 'It is impossible any longer to treat chaos in China as if it were order.'

But a Manchurian correspondent of the London *Times*—a paper that has always been friendly to Japan—writes as follows on the actual results of the Japanese occupation of Manchuria:—

The first and most serious effect of the military *coup* of September 18, 1931, when Mukden was seized, was the immediate paralysis of the established Chinese

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authority, both in the capital and in the country. Whether intended or not, the consequences for the millions of inhabitants during the succeeding months have been disastrous. The mechanism of trade and commerce was thrown out of gear at a time when, among other causes, the world 'slump' in prices had already led to widespread financial depression. Worse still, the country became infested with roving bands of brigands, horse and foot. It is true that during normal years brigandage is endemic in the land, though held in constant check by the authorities. But now, owing to the dissolution of the greater part of the provincial army, lawlessness with its attendant savagery prevails throughout vast areas, causing untold agony to the respectable classes of the community, especially to the modest Chinese women.

Until the breakdown of authority in September the taking of life by the robber bands was rare. It was the Japanese initiative that gave rise to a state of insecurity, likely to continue either until the invaders spread their military control throughout the whole vast extent of Manchuria, which is twice the size of Japan, or until the legitimate Chinese authority is permitted to return.

HECTOR C. BYWATER, the foremost authority on naval topics in Great Britain, has written a brief description of Japanese sea power at the present time. He points out that the sole aim of the Japanese fleet is to dominate the Western Pacific and that it never leaves home waters. It is always concentrated at its three bases: Yokosuka and Kure fronting the Pacific, and Sasebo fronting the Yellow Sea. Here is the way Mr. Bywater describes Japanese naval manœuvres:—

Whenever trouble is brewing in China the Japanese fleet quietly steams round to Sasebo, and there awaits developments. As this port is only 465 miles from Shanghai, Japan could bring her full naval pressure to bear within twenty-four hours.

Besides her nine superdreadnoughts, she has nearly thirty post-war cruisers, over a hundred modern destroyers, and seventy-two submarines, many of the latter being giant boats of exceptional speed. Her naval air force is numerically second only to that of the United States.

The Japanese navy is thoroughly up-to-date in all respects. On paper, at any rate, its *matériel* is second to none. The political head is an admiral who is only nominally under the control of the Cabinet, possessing as he does the right of direct appeal to the Throne. This circumstance may explain the tendency of the naval staff to take independent action in a crisis such as the present one.

Having been entertained on board Japanese war vessels, Mr. Bywater speaks from personal experience when he says that officers and crew lead a veritable Spartan life, talking nothing but shop and apparently knowing their jobs perfectly. The elimination of foreign naval bases in the vicinity of Japan is regarded as that nation's greatest diplomatic victory at the Washington Conference of 1922.

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Europe, America, and Asia have all been laid low by the crisis. An English editor presents a world view; a German editor discusses American 'reflation' in the light of his own country's experience; and two more Germans analyze the conflict in the Far East.

Three Continents in TRAVAIL

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

I. THE END OF NEGATION

From the *Week-end Review*, London Independent Weekly of the Right

THE crisis marches, carrying along with it men whose horizon extends not more than ten weeks ahead of their noses. The reactions of politicians, however ineffective in the political sphere, at least serve as indicators of the impact made by facts on the world of dead and dying fictions. During the first phase of the crisis politicians in almost all countries persisted in denying its existence, and the last opportunities for a comparatively painless cure disappeared before the disease was recognized. During the second phase, from June of last year, efforts were concentrated on getting rid of the trouble by belated and inadequate means, such as moratoria and economy campaigns. During the third phase, which it is now possible to distinguish, the effort to bolster up the pre-war world repatched since 1918 is definitely renounced, and the work of reconstruction undertaken.

In so far as circumstances have wrecked unsatisfactory arrangements, and have begun to force reconstruction even on those who least like the look of it, the crisis has already performed its main function. If the parties of the right in each nation could take a far-sighted, realistic view of their problems, the gradual replacement of the depression by a period of high prosperity might be a matter of only two or three years. But although world-wide confession that large changes are needed is a fundamental gain, it is still quite possible that lack of imagination, or of energy, or of the will to deal with difficult prejudices and interests, may drag all the nations down to a new level of misery before recovery begins. It seems tenable to regard this third phase of the crisis as the last chance of the

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right, since another failure must set in motion a world-wide swing toward the left, if not the whole way to Communism.

Let us take the nations severally. In Great Britain the majorities that the House of Commons has given the new tariff Bill do not appear unfairly large. If supporters of free trade had had the energy and imagination to translate their faith into terms suitable to a world moving rapidly toward planned economy, they would not now be living in a tariff country. We see no reason for being terrified at the experiment of the Import Duties Bill, which at worst will serve to break up finally the nineteenth-century British economic system. That serious grievances will arise, and that tariffs will not bring even the first installment of a millennium may be taken for granted, despite the religious fervor with which the Bill is hailed. The tariff fanatics are undoubtedly right in holding that there can be no going back, but they may be surprised to find how much uncovenanted going forward their abrupt interference with the British economy must precipitate.

When on October 3 last we pointed out that 'in America Mr. Hoover is withheld by party fears from taking the economic initiative; the longer he waits the more violent will be the crash in store for his country' we were savagely attacked by the *New York Evening Post*, whose optimism has since proved more impressive than its judgment. During the succeeding three months, on the estimate of Governor Harrison, of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, United States credit has shrunk by the astronomical sum of $2,500,000,000,000. The worst of it is that, as Mr. Cole has lately shown, American economic instability is fatal to the whole world economy. The failure of such belated palliatives as the National Credit Corporation compels a scared legislature to rush through first a Reconstruction Finance Corporation and now the celebrated 'Reflation' Bill, intended to reverse the disastrous appreciation of gold against commodities. The Bill has been received with mixed relief and suspicion, since its results depend so largely on psychological factors that they may amount to almost anything from a negligible change to uncontrollable inflation. If the United States budget were firmly balanced, the margin of safety would be more impressive.

Although other countries must be tremendously affected by the plunges of Great Britain and the United States, the more familiar type of enterprise undertaken by Japan holds much more serious immediate dangers. The invasion of Manchuria and Shanghai is an anachronism that could be tolerated only at the expense of restoring the pre-war anarchy in full, and the belated recognition of this fact by the Council of the League of Nations gives fresh hope that this particular method of retrieving national fortunes will be made too expensive to be imitated.

As for France, every week now brings fresh proof of the imminent bankruptcy of the French chauvinist system under which Europe has been groaning ever since the War. Unemployment, including part-time workers, is now estimated at about three millions, and the French January foreign-trade figures show a calamitous acceleration of the decline, which had already made December the worst month since the franc was stabilized. The fall of 23 per cent in German exports since December marks the end of the national effort to meet impossible foreign obligations by a forced export balance. The French system of alliances and the French military machine rest on an economic basis that no longer exists. Prospects are good for a government of the left in France before long. In any event, the armed security policy

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will soon be as dead in France as the Labor bigger-and-better-doles policy in Great Britain, and for the same economic reasons, which allow no arguments. As the French Government emphasized in Vienna only last summer, countries in economic difficulties cannot say 'No' indefinitely. The road to reconstruction is no longer effectively barred.

II. American 'Reflation'

By Leopold Schwarzschild

Translated from the *Tagebuch*, Berlin Radical Weekly

MOST German parties, politicians, newspapers, and economists incessantly maintained that the inflation that lasted from 1919 to 1923 could not be ended by an act of will, at any rate not until the reparations question was settled. That was nonsense, as every one now knows. The inflation ended just when people wanted it to end, though the occasion was most inauspicious and the reparations question had not been solved.

Inflation is now nothing but a bad dream of the remote past. We have long since entered upon a new era that is precisely the opposite of inflation, an era of deflation, and what is happening to us? All our prophets are again actively engaged in proclaiming on the basis of precisely opposite conditions the same nonsense that they used to talk about inflation. Most German parties, politicians, newspapers, and economists have incessantly maintained since 1931 that deflation cannot be ended by an act of will, at any rate, not until the reparations question is settled. Further comment is unnecessary. Those who regard deflation as a wrong policy that can be rectified as easily and as safely as they once thought that inflation could be have no more new arguments to present than those who take the opposite stand. There has been endless repetition on both sides, and we should doubt that it is ever possible to free people from their fixed ideas if it were not for the fact that all the chimes in the world have suddenly begun ringing and a great message of good cheer is now being passed from mouth to mouth: America is ending the deflation.

What a happy land this America is. It is still the country of unbounded possibilities, at any rate of possibilities that Germany does not possess. Mr. Hoover, hail to him, is omnipotent. If he wants to resort to what people in Germany have for the last few months been branding as inflation, inflation is no longer to be despised. The so-called fundamental laws of economics seem to work differently in different countries. The American system of production and consumption, the American money and credit structure, are not in the same category as the German. They will do Mr. Hoover's bidding just as the sun obeyed Joshua. His humanitarian act has shed a new light on the 'reflation' movement. Perhaps it is not so disgraceful and abstruse as we had once imagined.

Anyone who keeps an open mind and retains his understanding will not be swept away either by hosannas or by prophecies of disaster. One truth remains that no amount of shouting about inflation can remove. It is that the present precipitous slump in business must be dealt with by an expansion of credit and that only this measure can lead to a new revival. But it is also true that this so-called reflation policy must involve certain other fundamental

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elements besides the printing of new paper money or the abolition of the present gold coverage. But Hoover's newest move does not contain these other elements, and if one wanted to present graphically what has happened it would look something like this: a patient who is suffering from lack of appetite is lying sick and exhausted in his bed with two beefsteaks beside him that he has not touched. Then Mr. Hoover appears bringing a third. The family is delighted and chimes ring in the belfries.

Let me show how completely accurate this representation is. The American currency laws demand that the paper currency be covered by forty per cent in gold and that this proportion shall not be changed in the future. Only the remaining sixty per cent can be readjusted. Up to now the rule has been that this remaining sixty per cent must either be covered by commercial paper or, if there is not enough commercial paper, by gold. Now recently there has not been enough commercial paper. It has amounted to less than sixty per cent of the notes in circulation and therefore it has been necessary to have more than the forty-per-cent gold coverage required. It is at this point that changes are to be made. The sixty-per-cent paper coverage will in the future be allowed to include not only commercial paper but government securities. Thus some nine hundred million dollars in gold will be 'freed' and will be available as a base for two and a half billion dollars in new paper money, so that the circulating medium can be increased by this amount.

But what of it? What does it mean that there is not enough commercial paper in existence to cover sixty per cent of the paper money in circulation? Most obviously it means that the supply of credit exceeds the demand for credit or the desire of the banks to grant credit. If there were a demand for credit and if the banks supported this demand they would be able to extend nine hundred million dollars more in acceptance credit under the present laws than they have extended. Then the gold that is now to be released artificially would be released normally and fifteen hundred million dollars of additional credit would be extended in an entirely normal way. This new credit would be guaranteed by the Federal Reserve Banks, and with it the banks would be able to meet all the demands of their solvent customers. In other words, the beefsteak has already been sitting on the patient's table for a long time, but his illness is not due to lack of nourishment. It is due to lack of appetite to undertake new enterprises.

At this point we encounter the same phenomenon that has checked all plans to extend German credit. Every form of economic activity in our capitalistic régime needs something more than financial backing. It needs the desire of the investor, especially of the man who wants to invest in new enterprises and engage in new business. This desire is just as lacking in our country as it is in the United States. Here in Germany, too, large sums of money are ready to be released, as happens in every crisis and in every slump. But this money is withdrawn from new enterprises because nobody now believes that there is now any chance of profit and because everybody is cutting down his business.

The situation in America is even more clear-cut. The total credit that the Federal Reserve Banks have at their disposition and have long been able to provide is far from exhausted. But business men either do not want to make use of this available credit or the banks do not want to take the risk of backing them up. Either the banks

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do not consider that their clients who ask for credit are solvent or else their solvent clients are demanding less credit rather than more. In any event, a lack of financial backing is not the cause of the business slump in America.

Nothing will be changed even if the Federal Reserve Banks do broaden their base and cry out, 'Come here. I will extend credit.' If the heaven suddenly became blue, if anywhere in the world there were such a thing as a safe business, if the anxiety that dominates Europe were not so terrible that we find ourselves expecting dozens of catastrophes at any moment, if bombs were not raining out of airplanes in eastern Asia, then no special measures would be required, then the business man whose credit is good would want credit and things would not reach such a pass that the Federal Reserve Banks cannot find enough commercial paper to issue money on. But since this is not the case, since there is no territory anywhere that people regard as safe and no debtor who can be trusted with money, all the increased credit facilities of the Federal Reserve Banks are of no avail. They will find no more demand for the third beefsteak than they have found for the first two, and the whole business is doomed to end either in a piece of electioneering bluff or in silly, useless organizations.

Under present political conditions, which make any normal investment of capital impossible, credit expansion has no value whatever. There is no one who wants credit. In such a situation the capitalist who has gone on strike through fear must be replaced by a substitute capitalist who will accept new credit when it is offered and use it for sensible purposes. This means a considerable break with private capitalistic principles, but no other method is possible at the moment. Credit extension at the present time is a chimera if it does not go hand in hand with the foundation of a public institution to take up credit and apply it in an organized way on additional labor and not to send it abroad, hoard it, or use it to finance business retrenchment, a thing that is possible, since fresh investment is sometimes required before a business is cut down.

The alternative that the modern world faces can be expressed as follows: 'Make peace or give up capitalism.' Under present conditions, when it is acknowledged that there is no peace, capitalist economics will contract more and more, indeed there is no alternative. All attempts to bolster up the economic system, whether by force or free will, must take socialist forms. Under peaceful conditions, an artificial expansion of credit would not be necessary after the crisis had lasted a certain length of time. But in a world where there is no peace credit expansion does no good unless it is accompanied by the creation of a public organization to engage in new enterprises, new enterprises that private capital avoids because of political uncertainties.

III. Japan against America

By Wilhelm Tietgens

Translated from the *Abend*, Berlin Official Socialist Daily

About a century ago, when China was still a feudal empire, it naïvely believed that its pigtailed inhabitants could be protected from the evils of opium by a general import barrier. But this belief did not suit the commercial interests of British-Indian capital, which promptly embarked on the

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Opium War in order to maintain the right of free trade. In the peace of Nanking in 1842, Hong-Kong was ceded to England and five other ports were opened to foreign trade. China was handed over to British capital and the policy of the Open Door began. English goods poured into China through the foreign settlements at the ports, flooding the Chinese market and bringing millions in profits to England. No customs barrier could be raised because China had been forced to renounce the right to levy tariffs. Foreign residents also maintained their own courts of law, and more concessions followed.

Military resistance proved futile and only led to further losses. England acquired Burma, France acquired Annam and Tongking. Formosa and the Liukiu Islands fell to Japan, Germany 'leased' Kiaochow, Korea achieved 'independence' as a result of Japanese pressure, and Russia and Japan acquired interests in Manchuria. The huge Chinese market, with its four hundred and fifty million purchasers, was rapidly being divided up among foreign business men. In the period of imperialistic politics China was a gold mine for foreign capital investments, which were protected by international treaties.

The imperial Manchu dynasty, which was always in financial difficulties, realized its peculiar situation. It stopped resisting foreign expansion and went over to the side of the foreigners. In exchange for goods and loans, the foreign powers received more and more rights and concessions—mines, cotton fields, silk and tea harvests, railway and street-car concessions, marketing rights, and factory sites. The Manchus did a good business selling their imperial rights, to the profit both of themselves and of the foreign capitalists, while the Chinese people paid the price of a higher cost of living, the destruction of Chinese business, and the exploitation of Chinese labor. Finally, China was burdened with a terrific indemnity after the disastrous Boxer Rebellion, and almost all the customs receipts were handed over to the foreign powers by way of security.

China offers a very interesting sociological spectacle in that the capitalist economic and social system has created a situation that will finally lead to its own destruction. Capitalism penetrated China in order to exploit the great Chinese people and their national wealth. But the immediate result of this exploitation was that the economic and social forms of capitalism began to develop in a feudalistic peasant society. Through close contact with foreigners the Chinese came to recognize that their own economic and political weaknesses were due to defective science and technique. Therefore many Chinese students began going to Europe and America to equip themselves with European weapons. Japan had proved that in two generations a feudal society could undergo a tremendous transformation and be made into a modern, capitalistic, industrial state.

China's modern generation of intellectuals assimilated European political ideas along with European science and technique. A Chinese middle class came into existence that was frankly nationalistic and that utterly repudiated ancient Chinese ideas. The economic interests of this middle class and its opposition to the economic imperialism of foreign nations brought forth a nationalistic ideology, a feeling of hostility to foreigners. Because China's own imperial house, which was a foreign dynasty and not really Chinese, had laid itself out to capitulate to the foreign powers, the Chinese middle classes did not want a monarchy but a republic. To them the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty meant declaring war on foreign exploitation and construct-

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ing a Chinese economic system under their own control.

The victorious revolution of 1912 was the first defeat that the foreign capitalists in China suffered. Since that time the bourgeois, national state has developed in stormy fashion. China has been industrialized under the leadership of the Chinese middle class and of the national, bourgeois government known as the Kuomintang. This process was hastened by the World War, which handicapped the industrial states of Europe, wakened Chinese national consciousness, and permitted China to develop its own industry without any great opposition. As a result of the World War, the Chinese middle class was freed from European opposition and, in spite of domestic wars and upheavals, was able to make a great step forward. The history of the textile industry shows how far it went. In 1890 China boasted one textile factory with 65,000 spindles and this was Chinese owned. In 1913 there were 32 textile factories in China with 835,000 spindles, of which 504,000 were Chinese, 75,000 Japanese, 176,000 English, and 80,000 German. In 1929 there were 3,753,000 spindles in China, of which 2,200,000 were Chinese, 1,400,000 Japanese, and 153,000 English.

THESE figures clearly prove that industrialization is making China economically independent and that the influence of foreign capital is on the wane. Every new Chinese factory means one more defeat for the foreigner, who is gradually beginning to lose his influence. But not all foreign nations are losing at the same rate of speed. While the economic position of Europe, and England in particular, is rapidly weakening, Japan has entered on a new period of colonial exploitation. The following statistics show the development of China's foreign trade:—

PERCENTAGE OF CHINESE EXPORTS BY COUNTRIES OF DESTINATION

	1807	1905	1924
England and its colonies.....	74.6	19.4	33.10
Europe.....	7.2	47.7	21.60
America, chiefly the U. S. A....	15.0	15.5	13.29
Asia, chiefly Japan.....	3.2	17.4	32.01

Up to 1905 England's share had been declining, but it increased again after the World War, whereas Japan's share increased steadily. Japan penetrated China by way of Korea and Manchuria, and through the port of Shanghai it reached out into Central China. In Manchuria Japan found the coal and metal that it needed for its industry and it exported to Shanghai finished goods to be sold on the Chinese market. The exploitation methods of the Japanese capitalists were even more infuriating to their yellow brothers on the mainland than the methods of the white capitalists. Japan was undergoing an economic transformation at unprecedented speed. It needed raw materials and enormous markets, both of which it seized with the brutality of a nation in the early phase of capitalist development.

Japan was thus brought into sharp conflict with the Chinese middle class. The hatred of the Chinese for Japan became a symbol of their hatred for all foreigners, especially since the Japanese took advantage of the World War to subdue China completely. However, this attempt failed because the European powers resumed their profitable policy of expansion in China as soon as the War ended. England became particularly active, fearing the dangerous competition that the United States was offering on the world market. At the Washington Conference, which dealt with the problem of China, along with other matters, Japan was forced to sign the Nine-Power Pact, which has been frequently referred to in

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the present crisis. This pact gave back the Europeans their old markets and checked Japan's activities in China.

This Conference was followed by a terrific economic war in and about China. The Chinese middle classes were supported by America in their efforts to build up native industry because America wanted to invest its capital profitably. No great amount of goods could be exchanged between China and America because the countries are too far apart. It was therefore more profitable for American capital to finance Chinese industries that could use the rich raw materials of the country and its cheap labor power to make goods to be sold on the enormous Chinese market. It was much easier to invest American capital in China and send the profits back home than to ship raw materials all the way to the United States and then send manufactured goods back to China. Since the end of the War some three billion dollars of American capital have been invested in China.

American interest in China explains the sharp conflict between American and Japanese policies. The Japanese are compelled in defense of their own interests to prevent the development of Chinese industry. They have tried to do this by more or less concealed support of civil war, which is constantly making new difficulties for the Chinese Government. Nevertheless, the industrialization of the country continues, especially in the south and southeast and in the great industrial and trading centres of Shanghai and Nanking.

Under these circumstances, the economic and financial difficulties of Europe arising from the world crisis gave Japan a favorable opportunity to make a new attack. Japan's military operations in Manchuria, undertaken on the pretext of suppressing Chinese bandits, were really a kind of trial balloon to test how much the other powers were wrapped up in domestic difficulties and how far they would allow Japan to go. Japanese capital already controlled Manchuria completely and did not need any military conquest. There was, however, immediate danger that the whole Chinese market would be lost to Japan, and a military attack was the only way that Japan's capitalistic interests could be protected.

IV. Is France Backing Japan?

By W. Colepepper

Translated from the *Weltbühne*, Berlin Radical Weekly

War rages in the Far East. The League of Nations reveals its impotence. America and England grow nervous and protest to Tokyo. Only France, whose interests in China are likewise threatened, does n't seem to care about what happens out there. Its protests to Tokyo are mere formalities. This tolerance of the Laval-Tardieu-Flandin Government toward Japan has given rise to the idea that France and the Mikado have a secret treaty together.

This is perhaps rather exaggerated and, therefore, easy to deny. None the less, certain rumors have begun to circulate that are difficult to disprove. It has been stated that France has given Japan free play in Manchuria in exchange for definite services rendered by the Japanese delegate on the Permanent Court of International Justice during the *Anschluss* affair. To the fact that Mr. Adatchi, the Japanese judge on the Court, voted for the customs union on September 5 the answer is

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that Adatchi is president of the Court and that this was a case when it was more prudent for him to vote independently. Others assert that Japan promised France its support during the Disarmament Conference. A third version is that Japan has an agreement with France in regard to the suppression of revolutionary propaganda in Asia and has promised Paris to cooperate in defending Indo-China.

There are also rumors that France lent Tokyo money last summer. On this point even the details are given. Five hundred million francs are supposed to have been disbursed by the Caisse des Prêts et Consignations, an institution that administers the funds for social insurance, through the agency of the Banque Franco-Japonaise. It has also been stated that two hundred and fifty million francs were handed over by various banks, including the Banque des Pays du Nord; the Banque de l'Union Parisienne, whose board of directors includes M. Schneider; and the Union Européenne Industrielle et Financière, which he controls.

There is an old saying that where there is smoke there must be fire. What are the real facts? Is France working out a deep-laid scheme with Japan, and, if so, what are the indications that such a scheme exists? We might as well admit that there are a good many of them.

Fact Number One: France and Japan have a common interest in opposing the revolutionary movement in Asia. The Japanese invasion of Manchuria aroused the sympathy of the French Government and General Weygand privately asserted that 'this action has strengthened the position of civilization in the Orient against Bolshevism.' In other words, Japan is playing the same reactionary, anti-Russian rôle in the East that France is in the West.

Fact Number Two: France's allies in Asia include not only Japan but also England, Holland, and Siam. A federation of Asiatic colonial powers is likely to be one of the most important results of the Disarmament Conference. Was n't it for this purpose that Paul Reynaud, the French colonial minister, visited Indo-China last autumn?

Fact Number Three: Aristide Briand wanted to prevail upon the Council of the League of Nations during its November and December session at Geneva to undertake military intervention against Japan. He was forced, however, to abandon his plan under the pressure of one of the most important members of the French Government. This was the first time that Briand realized he was no longer master of French foreign policy.

Here is a fourth fact of equal importance. On the first of September, eighteen days before Japan intervened in China, the *Revue Militaire Française*, which is controlled by the French Ministry of War, published a sensational article on the Japanese-Chinese conflict. The inside circle of this quasi official review explained that the article had appeared too soon, in other words, that Japan's intervention in China was supposed to have occurred last August. This means that the French Ministry of War knew in August that Japan would soon attack China. The explanation that the article appeared too early as a result of a mistake by an editor does not alter the case. On the contrary, it confirms this interpretation.

Fact Number Five: The French Government did not bestir itself until Japan had landed in Shanghai and fired on Nanking. It should be remembered that this fact confirms the statements of those who asserted last December that France would not dare to oppose Japan's policy as long as the treaty that the Japanese had concluded with Paris remained unbroken, that is, as long as Japan confined itself to

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Manchuria and Mongolia and did not threaten Peking or Shanghai or the Yangtze valley, which leads to Indo-China. Why is it, then, that pro-Japanese political circles in France now say that Japan is going a little too far? The answer is that Manchuria was not too far, but that Shanghai is.

Finally, there is a sixth fact whose importance should not be underestimated. Ever since early August, that is, six weeks before the Chino-Japanese conflict broke out, the Schneider-Creusot plant has been working at top speed for Japan.

NONE other than M. Eugène Schneider of Creusot has been directing the policy of the French Ministry of War for some years past. What is more, he has now triumphed over Briand and wants to assume the control of the Foreign Office as well. It was his idea to create the Danube Federation and it was against his opposition that Chancellor Schober of Austria came to grief. His aim is to organize Europe against Soviet Russia in from five to seven years, and, finally, he is the inspiration of French policy in Japan and China.

It is said that Japan procured French money through the assistance of the Banque Franco-Japonaise, which has branches in Paris, Tokyo, Kobe, and Yokohama. Is this true? The near future will tell, but one fact is certain. The president of the board of directors of this bank is Charles Dumont, minister of marine for France and a French delegate to the Disarmament Conference. Still more important is the fact that this bank is controlled by M. Schneider through the good offices of his brother-in-law and henchman, the Count of Saint-Sauveur and through former ambassador Maurice Paléologue. Schneider's brother-in-law is also a member of the board of directors of the Union Européenne Industrielle et Financière, a creation of Schneider's that controls 'Skoda' and all the munition factories in Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Poland. Whether France has actually given Japan money or not is open to question, but it is certain that the minister of marine is in the closest kind of touch with those who are selling cannon to Japan. Everyone will now understand why the whole official French press and the Comité des Forges resolutely defends Japan and proclaims that China attacks Japan and not Japan, China.

But there are still some missing links. Every real munitions maker who has any self-respect at all, whether he is French, English, German, or American, has a divine duty to sell armaments to both hostile powers, and we can rest assured that M. Schneider has fulfilled his patriotic duty. One of his puppets, M. Litzellmann, with an office in the Schneider works, represents his chief in the Société Franco-Chinoise des Constructions Metallurgiques et Mécaniques Kiou-Sin, located at Shanghai. Georges Philippar, the president of this company, collaborates with Admiral Lacaze, Théodore Laurent, and the Count of Saint-Sauveur, all of whom are connected with the Comité des Forges. M. Schneider is taking good care that the prices of raw materials increase.

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The one National Socialist review with real pretensions to intelligence analyzes the German crisis, particularly with respect to Berlin. It laments the passing of the old order but manages to discover indications of new hope.

GERMAN Threnody

By Erwin Ritter

Translated from the *Tat*
Jena National Socialist Monthly

Out over the countryside the autumn wind is blowing. Trees shine yellow and red in the noonday sun. The fields breathe. Mist rises in the evening. The nights are cold and the stars clear. Life still goes on at its old pace. Between birth and death runs a pathway over a bit of ground that still supports a house that still stands on a morsel of fertile land that is caressed by sun, rain, and wind.

Out over the countryside hangs the crisis. Lightning flashes from black clouds and strikes individual farms. The postman brings eviction notices. More and more auctions occur. In 1930 these auctions yielded only sixty-six per cent of the mortgage value of the property. In 1931 they yielded barely sixty per cent, and in many provincial places they did not yield even half the face value of the mortgage. That is the crisis.

But the crisis is something quite different out here from what it is in the city, for here its unreality is significantly revealed. The country really knows nothing about crises. It knows only about sowing and reaping. The farms still remain, only their owners change. Cattle low in their stalls and wood smoke rising in the evening from the fire on the hearth mingles with the mist over the meadows and stimulates a yearning for warmth, rest, and sleep. At night the first frosts fall.

But maybe a hurricane will come. Maybe it will blow away the pile of fictitious paper that is now rustling over the farms, covering the ground, piling as high as the tree tops in the forest, bringing everything under the auctioneer's hammer. Maybe there will be a fire that will consume this mountain of paper and reduce it to dust and ashes. If this happened, the country would remain the same. The forests would remain the same. The farms would stand as they always have. People would walk through the fields as they do to-day, come into the villages as they do to-day, and they

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would not understand the crisis any more than they do right now. The only difference is that they would be more free. They would be relieved of a burden that is constantly growing more incomprehensible and ghostlike in the light of such eternal realities as the damp weight of the soil, the deep green of the forests, the eternal change from night to day, from summer to winter.

The present crisis is not a natural phenomenon. Any flood, epidemic, or forest fire is more real than what now fills the newspapers. This crisis is simply a crisis of the mind. We have used our minds so long that everything has become complicated. Now we have reached the utmost limits of our thought and the whole complicated structure is falling about our ears. This crisis is a crisis of the intellect; it arises from the arrogance of the human mind. We are not truly struggling to find new ways of exorcising this crisis. We are trying to lead our intellects back to moderation.

Such a retreat would disappoint much hope and ambition, many plans and much security—all of which have existed for at least a generation. To many people this intellectual transformation means annihilation. But the land does not think. It suffers. The metropolis thinks.

Here is the real crisis. Over the soil, the forests, and the farms, the house of cards erected by an overzealous intellect collapses, but the soil, forests, and farms remain. The land is eternal, and knows no crisis. Here in the metropolis men have established themselves in a house of cards, they live in it, they live from it, and now that it is collapsing they are dropped into a hopeless abyss. No soil yields them a harvest, no house shelters them, no land nourishes them. Sun, rain, and wind do not determine their existence. Such things are merely comfortable or uncomfortable phenomena.

This house of cards that contained millions of people is to-day spewing forth millions. This house of cards removed millions of people from the soil and lifted them high into the happy air. Now it is letting them fall. But in the meanwhile the soil has been removed from beneath them. Millions, therefore, face frightful nothingness and meaninglessness, and the suicide rate increases at a terrifying speed.

Here is the real crisis. You enter this great metropolis and know at once that it is sick. It is suffering from fever. It tosses anxiously about and feels a strange spiritual despair that hangs over it like a cloud. You need only take the three steps from the station platform to your taxi to know what a great disease has infected everybody.

Everything is now coming to a head here. An army of newsboys shouts about the crisis. Thousands of bookstores repeat the word. It flashes on the cinema screen. It stares at you from the walls of the houses, and during the evening people sit in cafés and restaurants whispering it to one another. Suddenly the streets are alive. Thousands of people pour out of the theatres, moving pictures, and restaurants. Beggars and destitute unemployed form themselves into groups. The automobiles get into a traffic jam. Policemen arrive in more automobiles. A few young men start shouting. A piercing whistle electrifies the crowd. People stand still in anxious suspense. Is it the revolution? Not yet. The crowd disperses, disillusioned.

THE exodus began on the Tiergartenstrasse, the citadel of the old, solid aristocracy of wealth. Gradually more and more white signs appeared on the stores and residences, announcing that they were for sale or to rent. More and more auctions were held, and the most valuable artistic treasures were disposed of. The contagion spread over

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the Hitzig Bridge, past the Zoo, and along the Kurfürstendamm, and everywhere more white signs seemed to spring out of the ground. The villas in the Tiergarten quarter, the big houses in West Berlin collapsed. There were many suicides in this vicinity. When the survivors met they would say to one another, 'Did you know that he . . . that she . . .?'

The façades of the houses and villas have crumbled. White signs disturb the placid look of the city. The parks are no longer well cared for. Fences are rusting. Things are going from bad to worse inside these houses and villas. Here the fight is being fought to a finish. Finally the end comes, and the dwellers depart, usually without furniture. Their goods are sold at auction. Where they go nobody knows. Nobody even asks, at least not the new social class that still holds together and watches what is happening. But this class has no cohesion, no community sense. Anyone who cannot keep up with it is dropped from the invitation lists and not spoken to any more. Every man for himself. This citadel along the Tiergarten and the Kurfürstendamm has already capitulated quietly and without much excitement. If a great wave were to inundate this part of the town from the north or the east and annihilate the villas and houses, nothing but empty rooms would float away. To-day a revolution would be cheated by the crisis. It would be a very disillusioning affair. It would have to be liquidated because mass force is lacking, and it would result only in a poor compromise between the fighters at the barricades and the forces of law and order.

On October first this great city was in commotion. Moving vans, automobiles, and trucks were moving through the streets, truck drivers were cursing, sweat was running down the faces of the movers in their green aprons. It looked as if an army were dismantling a fortified camp and setting out on the march again. On October first, the vanguard of this army whose resistance had been broken marched away. The flight from the big houses became a panic. Where did these people go? Almost all of them left the city. Either they went to little houses in the suburbs, as near the country as possible, with a garden if they could get one and with a forest not far away, or else they went to the provinces, to the provincial cities. Columns of trucks lined up at the stations and others carried their loads direct to the country. People were spending their last money on farm land. The metropolitan nightmare was over. Those who had been through it had only one desire, only one hope: to go out into the country where the autumn wind was blowing, and the trees shone yellow and red in the noonday sun. Where the fields breathed and mist rose in the evening. Where the nights were cold and the stars clear, and life still went on at its old pace.

Thin figures sit on park benches wrapped in threadbare coats, wearing tattered shoes on their feet. They are unemployed. Others wander about in the woods collecting kindling wood and mushrooms, picking autumn foliage which they sell while they beg. Others sit fishing by the edge of lakes and rivers. These, too, are unemployed. Thousands are beginning to establish themselves in wild settlements. Groups of unemployed live together in tents, with their own leaders and their own laws. Thousands more live under the cover of trees outside the city in a constant state of conflict with the police, who act as if they knew nothing about the crisis. These are no longer the same people who once stood at machines or sat in offices. They have been through two new experiences, hunger and time. They have hunger and they have time. They suffer from

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hunger and they suffer from time. Both are painful and terrible. In consequence, these men have become something different from what they were; they are no longer the same. When their gray, exhausted figures came home from the front thirteen years ago and returned to their old positions, a whole system came within a hair's breadth of collapse. To-day, again, nothing is certain. The veterans of the front-line trenches are seething again. A new wave of discontent has arisen. Five, six, seven million men are slowly being changed. They go about, gray and disintegrating, in a world that is itself changing slowly. They have hunger, they have time. They think about these things and they see the world from its reverse side. Even if the great *fata Morgana* of business should come to life, these people would never be able to return to their machines again, or to sit once more at their office desks. They are again returning from the front and a whole system may be falling to pieces with them.

For the thing that has broken in all these men is capitalistic enthusiasm. To have peace, to have time, to have security again, to know how the sun gives warmth, how the wind brings coolness, how the rain yields moisture, to use as a measure for all things the damp weight of the soil, the deep green of the forests, the eternal change from day to night, summer to winter. Do you believe, Herr von Siemens and Herr Thyssen, that you can continue to impose on these people much longer? They ask you why, where, what for? And you, Herr Goldschmidt and Herr Silverberg, have you an answer for them? These people are transformed. They won't stand any more of it. Gentlemen, your system has collapsed.

MANY depart, never to return. Already a great German emigration is under way. Thousands of our citizens have settled abroad, and more are leaving every month. At one time there was a flight of capital, but this stopped some time ago. Switzerland and Holland have become just as unsafe as Germany. The French franc and the dollar are only storm anchors that will not hold throughout the present year. German colonies are growing up in Switzerland and southern France because people are not yet ready to think in a new way. Land is good. A house is good. A garden yields more than a bar of gold, but land bears fruit only if it is worked, only if sowing and reaping go on. But are you sowing and reaping there, outside of Germany, or are you hoping to live on your investments? Anyone who depends on investments will some day come to the end of his rope, but he who sows and reaps will do better for himself inside Germany than abroad. For here we have a common destiny that may be realized any day. It is a bitter thing to die of hunger in a foreign country, nameless, homeless, and forgotten, because bread was hard to get at home.

People are taking flight yet drawing closer together. That is the picture this big city presents. People take flight. Fashion dictates valuable and costly clothes. Only real fur coats are being worn this winter. Women are dressed in heavy silks and satins. Romanticism has suddenly begun to stride along the oily surface of asphalt sidewalks. The styles are Empire and baroque. Little military hats and drooping veils are in vogue. People carry on. Women's faces are covered with costly make-up. They carry on. They have Pomeranian dogs and wear triple flounces. They carry on and on.

Is this prerevolutionary? Marie Antoinette or Empress Eugénie? It would be if only the small ruling or possessing class were acting this way, but to-day everybody keeps up appear-

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ances. The masses have joined in, and there is no form of excess in which they will not take part. Nobody among the upper classes wears a simple, modest exterior. Those who have fled and broken camp are not yet sufficiently numerous to make a difference. As a result, simplicity and moderation have not yet become fashionable among the lower classes, many of whom have hunger and time on their hands. They open automobile doors in the evening; they sell newspapers and shout 'Crisis' in the crowd; they sell tickets or beg, but they are pliant and there are many police on the streets.

People take flight. The night clubs and cafés are crowded. Crowds pour out of the movies every evening by the hundred thousands. Realistic films don't draw. People want romance. Reality is gray and unbearable. In the night clubs there is dancing and the saxophones howl. But people have also come closer together. Suddenly a man in a little military hat sinks wearily into a chair. The dance floor is empty. Nobody has any enthusiasm left. The orchestra plays classical music. The audience listens and applauds enthusiastically. They want to hear more. The cabarets are so correct that slang is growing rare. The jokes are harmless and nonpolitical, and there is tension in the air. The Deutsche Theater is playing *Kabale und Liebe* and Offenbach is again fashionable. People are seeking for style and turning classical. A man with white hands and a clean collar, a delicate man, is able to talk again to his fellow men. People are beginning to render services without feeling that they are creating obligations. People are beginning to smile in a resigned way and fold their hands. A room full of people is beginning to get the feeling that it is good to sit together. Signs and wonders are in the sky.

People are drawing together. One's own house suddenly becomes interesting again. One discovers one's neighbors. The streets have a new life in them. They are becoming more human. Since no one needs to be a creditor any more, since everybody is a debtor, including one's neighbors, the barriers are falling. This community spirit is not working from the top down, but from the bottom up, and it is increasing every day. Nobody whose house of cards has fallen about his head can find firm ground beneath his feet, but he finds many other people who have fallen before him or with him, and this creates a kind of common ground.

Many who felt weak and unhappy on five thousand marks a month are happy and healthy to-day with one twenty-fifth as much money. The family is becoming more important and people are drawing together. New ties are being formed. The doors that open on a new popular community are already completed. Only the superstructure is lacking. The fever that has shaken the metropolis has released within it forces of defense. What will happen to this great metropolis? Is it dying, or is it going through the throes of birth?

Out over the countryside the autumn wind is blowing. Trees shine yellow and red in the noonday sun. The fields breathe. Mist rises in the evening. The nights are cold and the stars clear. Life still goes on at its old pace. Between birth and death runs a pathway over a bit of ground that still supports a house that still stands on a morsel of fertile land that is caressed by sun, rain, and wind. Maybe there will be a hurricane. Maybe there will be a fire. Then man will be free again.

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A Moscow correspondent who has spent the last twelve years visiting all parts of Russia produces whole reams of facts about the country's future. Friedrich Sieburg then gives a vivid picture of Leningrad as it looks to-day.

Old *and* New in RUSSIA

By Two Correspondents on the Spot

I. New Plans for Russia

By Nikolaus Basseches

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

THE Soviet economic system offers an uncompleted, contradictory picture at the present time. The contours of gigantic factories, new cities, and big electrical plants overshadow the evidences of distress, the lack of prime necessities, the difficulty of turning raw materials into finished goods, and the ever present currency crisis. Fundamentally, the Five-Year Plan is proceeding on a typically Russian basis. Within a relatively short period, Peter the Great, who dwelt in a mediæval country inhabited by people without any technical skill, erected on a stretch of swamp land a completely modern city and a system of canals that has not been equaled up to the present time. The Russia of Alexander III, though profoundly reactionary and backward, built the longest railway in the world, the vast Siberian line. Yet the past has remained. There is something thoroughly Russian in the nature and speed of the Five-Year Plan.

A city is now growing out of virgin soil around Magnitogorsk in the Urals. Such vast plans of construction have the fantastic quality of a fairy tale. Individual dwelling houses are surrounded by tents and barracks. The first factory chimney is already smoking. Nor should we forget the construction of the Dnieprostroi power plant, a tremendous technical achievement. The little automobile shop that the banker Riabushinski established in Moscow has grown into a factory that is modern to the last screw and that is organized to a degree that equals Ford himself. Yet there is much that is still lacking, and the Russian remains what he always was.

Production figures as revealed in Russian statistics show a precipitate rise in terms of the 1926 price level.

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The industrial products for the year 1931 had a value of more than twenty-seven billion rubles, and in 1932 the figure is to increase to thirty-seven and a half billions. Yet these figures do not tell the whole story. Compared to West European production, Russian production is relatively small. The output of Russian labor also lags far behind the most modern technical accomplishments in the same field. In and of itself, there is nothing new about the industrialization that Russia has accomplished in the last three years. Only the way it has been done is Bolshevist, not the tendency of the development itself. For ever since the nineteenth century Russia has steadily industrialized itself. It would indeed be a miracle if a nation of 162,000,000 people, living on an enormous expanse of territory that contains every form of mineral wealth but only a small proportion of good farming land, should remain predominantly agrarian for all time.

But what Bolshevism is particularly keen about in its programme of industrialization is to achieve a social regrouping of the whole country. In the shortest possible time, in four years, industry is to become predominant. It is to be the foundation of the whole régime, the economic instrument that will politically control thousands of peasants. Industry itself includes the heavy industries, where Bolshevist discipline, which is the foundation of the economic independence of the country, has been carried to the highest point. In 1913 Russian industry was responsible for 42.1 per cent of the total output of the Russian economic system. In 1930 the proportion had reached 58.7 per cent, and in 1931 it was 63 per cent.

It therefore seems as if the Soviet Union had become a predominantly industrial country. But if we look at our comparative figures a little more closely we come to different conclusions. Whereas the official prices paid for industrial goods are much higher than they were before the War, the wholesale prices paid by the state for agricultural products have remained approximately at the pre-war level. This is naturally revealed in the total production figures. While industry has been forced ahead, agriculture has undergone repeated crises. Yet the actual agricultural output of the country should not be overlooked. Since the amount of land under cultivation now exceeds the pre-war level, we may assume that more grain is being produced, though production has not kept pace with demand. The figures that have undoubtedly fallen are those having to do with the output of all agricultural products except grain, notably cattle and garden produce. In any event, it is clear that the predominance of industry is an artificial and temporary predominance and that the coming year will witness a change.

MUCH more important are the figures showing the proportion between the output of heavy industry and the output of the industries that produce finished goods. Of the total industrial production during the year 1928–29, heavy industry was responsible for 44 per cent. In 1931 the percentage was 49.6, and in 1932 52.2 per cent of Russia's total production will be coal, iron, petroleum, and machinery. Although the output of consumers' goods is to be forced ahead during the last year of the Five-Year Plan, nevertheless the heavy industries will produce during that year 9.2 billions of the total of twelve billions produced by industry as a whole. But this proportion cannot be maintained indefinitely, as the shortage of goods proves.

Industry has been developed at the cost of completely annihilating the

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home and hand worker, who played an important part in pre-war days. More than half the Russian population procured its clothes and shoes, its agricultural implements, and even its nails and knives from home industry. Now the peasant who tries to spin the flax that he has grown or the wool that he has sheared from his sheep is arrested for not handing his produce over to the state. The domestic spinning wheel, the peasant's loom, are regarded as enemies of the state. The annihilation of domestic industry is responsible for the widespread shortage of goods.

There is still one year to go before the first Five-Year Plan is completed, and no final verdict can yet be passed on it since everything is still in a state of flux. The basic industries are not advancing. The first Five-Year Plan anticipated the production of seventeen million tons of cast iron during 1932, but in 1931 only five million tons were produced. The programme has now been cut down and the attempt will be made to produce ten million tons during the Plan's fourth year, which has also become its last. Industrialization has not spread during the course of the past year.

The general rule that the first Five-Year Plan has followed is to multiply all Russian industrial production by the figure four in the space of five years. This is of course a rough estimate, and in the years to come the quality of the goods produced will be improved. What can already be detected in the second Five-Year Plan is its comparative moderation. A year ago people said that the second Five-Year Plan would aim at producing fifty-five million tons of pig iron a year by the time it was completed. Now the programme calls for only twenty-two million tons, slightly more than twice as much as will be produced when the second Five-Year Plan goes into effect. On looking closely at the figures that have to do with the development of electrical plants, with the construction of fifteen to twenty thousand miles of new railways, and with the completion of buildings that have already been commenced, one discovers that the second Five-Year Plan has taken two and three as its multiple, two and two and a half for heavy industry and three for finished goods. Yet in spite of this relative moderation it is looked upon with a certain amount of skepticism.

It is evident that moments of exhaustion have begun to occur, due to the fact that new industries need many years before they can produce goods. This period of time must be bridged somehow, and it is a hard task. Also, the lack of skilled labor is becoming a greater and greater handicap. Efforts are being made to provide technical education, but here, too, time is needed before results can be achieved. It is easier to bring machines to a country than to place men at the machines.

II. From Saint Petersburg to Leningrad

By Friedrich Sieburg

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt Liberal Daily

As the steamboat, *Siberia*, from London was making fast to the Neva dock its steel side rammed against the little house belonging to the shore police. The great wooden piles supporting the house yielded gently, the tin roof folded up like a sheet of paper, and only the breaking windows lent an air of animation to the slow, almost stealthy impact of the boat. A crowd

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was standing on the dock, in spite of the earliness of the hour, to watch the arrival of the steamship from England with its load of reaper blades, woolen socks, and agricultural machinery, and its few passengers. A group of young G. P. U. officers wearing field-green blouses and extravagantly cut blue riding breeches gave a semblance of pattern to the gray throng of bystanders. It was a glorious day. A delicate haze lay over the Neva, but the city itself had already awakened to the translucent air of a clear day. The people on the shore looked sulky, as if they had not slept enough. A division of infantry drilling at the end of the long shore road was singing while it exercised, as is the custom in Russia.

On the forward deck of the boat stood about twenty laborers from the United States. They included Slavs, Italians, and Germans bearing contracts with the Soviet State in their pockets and rejoicing at the prospect of assured work plus a worth-while human existence after two years of drifting unemployment in the large cities of America. Compared to the spectators on the bank, these workers from America looked absurdly elegant in their gray summer suits, yellow shoes, and light colored hats. Their cheap New York and Chicago clothes brought tidings of a capitalistic world where a high standard of living and the most profound human misery dwell side by side. On the previous evening a social gathering had taken place in the crew's quarters to which the first-class passengers had been invited. The sailors gave a concert, the captain made a little speech in English, and each emigrant told his story. They were all tales of hopeless struggles for work and of endless frozen nights on park benches and in subway stations. Now these men were standing at the ship's rail drinking in the first sight of their new fatherland.

One of them, a white-haired mechanic from Yugoslavia, held in his hand a little red flag that he had had made in New York. I had seen it often during the voyage. Sometimes it was rolled up and sticking out of his pocket; sometimes he flourished it in the wind when the weather was fair and the sun was shining and the forests of Sweden or Finland sent their fragrance out over the sea. Now as he was about to set foot on the soil of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics he felt that the great moment for displaying the symbol of brotherhood was at hand. The fragment of red cloth shone prettily in the morning sunlight as he lifted it and waved it toward the shore. He flourished it with the gesture of a Marathon runner bringing news of a defeat that will inevitably turn to victory, and he looked like a long-lost child who has grown white-haired wandering in strange capitalist lands. He had expected that the faces of his comrades on shore would light up at the sight of his little flag and that they would greet him with a tremendous chorus of welcome, and as he raised the flag he thought he was taking a decisive step from the past into the future.

But no one noticed his gesture. The people on the shore stared sullenly at the boat and utterly disregarded the flag. The old man, however, still held it timidly aloft for a moment, like a child growing weary of his play. Finally he abandoned his exertions. He was visibly embarrassed as, looking shyly about him, he stuck the flag in his pocket. I felt ashamed to have been watching him and scurried as fast as I could behind a lifeboat.

THE Soviet Government intends to have a large section of ancient Saint Petersburg torn down and rebuilt with extensive blocks of new houses. Half-

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ruined palaces and bourgeois dwellings that were formerly pretentious but are to-day in a state of decay will be done away with, whenever necessary, to make room for blocks of offices and workers' homes. This wish on the part of the Government is perfectly comprehensible. Although Leningrad has not yet fully recovered from its collapse as a residential city, and has not developed to the same degree as Moscow, it still remains a great Soviet city whose development is hindered by all the historical relics it contains. Modern Leningrad enters the future of the Soviet Union as a sort of corpse. It seems as if the progressive and constructive tendencies that are apparent in the other great cities of the Soviet Union had almost given up the ghost here. The faded gilt of the palaces, the rose color of many noble gates, the dim red of certain gables and bridges do not fit into the picture of socialist construction. Socialism demands steel gray, concrete gray, iron gray, but Saint Petersburg still shimmers with the colors of ancient icons painted on wood. Leningrad strives vainly to achieve an icy, energetic gray, but, instead of working its will, it attains only the gray of age, despair, and misery.

The main street, stretching endlessly from the Admiralty to the Moscow station, is thronged with life, but it is a different life from that of Moscow. People here are less aggressive, less eager to laugh, less conscious that they are marching at the forefront of humanity. The beautiful buildings of bygone days seem to have no connection with the present and exhale a silent, imperceptible weariness that lies like fine dust on men and things alike. People walk home in the evening sunlight, tired people with loaves of bread under their arms, bread that they received in payment for the day's final task of standing in line before the commissaries. There they go, usually a man and his wife together, crouching, exhausted, with sunken heads, pushing their bodies against time as if they were breasting the current of a river. The young support the old, men help their wives along, and a sigh of relief seems to go up that another day has ended. Yes, this human stream actually reminds one of a river, chiefly because the house fronts do not look like the sides of a street but like high banks confining a river. Everything flows past them, unhesitatingly, unceasingly.

The Neva glitters in the sun. From the bridge one sees nothing of Leningrad; only Saint Petersburg is visible. The façades of the Admiralty, the Winter Palace, the Holy Synod, and the Marble Palace stand marshaled in trim, austere ranks. In front of the buildings of the former Stock Exchange, on the other side of the river, there are commemorative columns decorated with ships' prows. Again and again the gaze of a person absorbing the view returns to the flat Fortress of Peter and Paul, whose soft red color is bordered by the dusky green of a park. A boat manned by marines is going through speed manœuvres on the glaring surface of the river. Leaping almost entirely out of the water, it tears the surface apart, and with raging motor cleaves a silvery furrow along the broad river. It nears the swimmers, who are everywhere along the shores. Then at the point where the Nevka joins the Neva it curves sharply and plunges forward again with a tremendous roar in the direction of the bridge where I am standing.

Just at this moment an old peasant cart rattles over the bridge. The driver, a white-bearded man with a moth-eaten fur cap on his head, looks at the plunging motor boat in terror, while a young man, probably his son, calms him. It seems really necessary to soothe the old man, who is so agitated

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that he hurls loud oaths at the water monster and finally crosses himself, as if to exorcise the evil one. His anguish arouses the boundless laughter of the young man, who, gasping with joy, throws himself backward upon the sacks that are lying in the back of the cart, and slaps himself soundly on the knees. In the meantime the motor boat has turned abruptly near the bridge and is again racing off, poised on a crest of silvery foam, in the direction of the Peter and Paul Fortress. The old man again makes the sign of the cross, more slowly now, and the laughter of the young man dies away, as the eyes of both father and son wander over the river with a sort of yearning.

THE iron equestrian statue of Peter the Great stands on the broad square between the House of the Holy Synod and the Admiralty. It is a statue of incredible strength. The mass of rock on which the horse is standing is like a gigantic frozen wave, and the whole monument displays so much wild energy, so much space-consuming force, that Peter seems still to be brandishing his sceptre over the city which he created as if by magic out of river and swamp, in order to open a road toward Europe. The conqueror is still such a living presence, not only in his own city but in all Russia, that the present often seems to have an immediate connection with him. All the memories of him, his little house, the products of his handicraft, his poniard, his sceptre, could not have been more reverenced in the past than they are to-day by the young citizens of the Soviet Union. His iron horse always seems prepared, even now, to leap forward into endless space under the pressure of his master's will, and the eyes of the emperor still survey the unfathomable distances of the Baltic, which reverberate with the noisy echo of Russia's will to construction.

This ruler who appeared to his own epoch as the anti-Christ, who broke the domination of the Church, who goaded his mediæval people forward several centuries overnight, who, after mature deliberation, killed his own son with his own hands because the son seemed determined to turn his back on Europe and lead Russia back to almost unrelieved Slavonic darkness; this man who introduced tobacco smoking and shaving to society, who had his fleet brought from Archangel by land to Ladoga Lake, and in so doing caused thousands of people to be whipped by overseers—this man inspires us to-day to call him the first Bolshevik, or at least the ancestor of the Five-Year Plan.

In the light of this fascinating thought Leningrad, which was his city, seems to take on fresh significance. Strangely enough, the traces of this ruler seem more real than the remains of a past as recent as the early twentieth century. Wherever Leningrad touches Peter the Great it also touches the present. Wherever it displays traces of the courtly splendor of the days before the War it seems decayed, ruined, deserted, and like the uncanny haunt of spirits who smother any desire for life.

Peter wished to Europeanize his kingdom. He wanted to make out of his agricultural, backward, poverty-stricken Russia an economic unit that would grow like the industrial countries of the West. He encouraged handicrafts, which had been almost completely lacking before his time. But in breaking down the Muscovite feudal dynasty he prepared the way for the rise of the bourgeoisie, and in trying to transform peasants into industrial workers he created a new form of slavery not unlike the compulsory collectivization of the peasantry under the

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Soviet régime. It is certain that he only substituted one ruling class for another, just as Bolshevist Russia already possesses its new nobility in the form of the workers in industry. And in trying to effect a fundamental change in the nature of the Russian people he was as presumptuous as Lenin.

TO-DAY, as in Peter's day, a human type is being produced which, in order to survive, must succeed in overcoming entirely certain basic racial characteristics. The example of Peter the Great presents like a challenge the question of whether this change of nature is fundamental and likely to endure. The creative but crude compulsion that Peter exercised over the enslaved peasants formed in the Russian people that anti-organic disorder which to-day explains the depths of Russian misery. The Russians have never been happy, although they are the most patient people in the world. They have never had time to spin out their existence in tranquillity. The cudgels of Peter the Great whistled as pitilessly over them as the knouts of the Cossacks or the disciplinary rod of Leninism.

Seen from this perspective, Peter's actions have a double significance: public achievement and personal accomplishment. For if making over his kingdom in a day was an unparalleled and heroic achievement, the emergence into industrial Europe of a young man brought up in the darkness of Moscow's religious night was doubly remarkable. Dazzling flame from factory chimneys and high-tension electric currents from Soviet power plants stream over the lonely life of a man who was almost insane and almost divine, whose fixed eyes stare out over the soft radiance of Saint Petersburg toward the north, where the Dvina flows through limitless forests; toward the south, where the Caucasus glows with wine and many fires; toward the east, where new Mongol worlds continually appear; and toward the west, where old Europe produces goods in order that human beings may first taste freedom and then lose it.

The white-haired emigrant from New York who fruitlessly waved his red flag at the Neva dock was going eastward through a door that Peter the Great had opened toward the West. He was a sacrificial offering to that conception of the world of which Russia's greatest emperor dreamed when he drew building plans in his little Dutch home or made calculations about shipbuilding. Peter's dream has been so fully realized that this white-haired figure from Yugoslavia came from New York to be cast up on the coast of the Soviet Union. On what shores shall we one day be tossed up, and what dream fisherman will find us, dead and rejoicing, in his net of dreams?

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This simple account of a visit to a little Spanish town shortly after four civil guards had been killed there gives the truest picture of the real Spain that we have encountered anywhere.

SPAIN from Inside

By FRANCISCO LUCIENTES

Translated from *El Sol*
Madrid Republican Daily

THE quiet fields of Toledo are bathed in soft sunshine, but as we enter the province of Estremadura on our way to Castilblanco the light becomes sullen and traveling more difficult. We pass through a tremendous forest of oaks and cork trees with ferns and swamp oaks in the clearings. Here the Guadiana River flows past an estate that includes some thirty-five thousand acres of woodland. It is called 'Ciraja' and belongs to the Marquis of Villapadierna. Soon we perceive, in the midst of the dense forest, a hill on the crest of which stands his solemn, martial, picture-post-card castle. People are very grateful to the Marquis for generously permitting travelers to cross his property, and were it not for his kindness it would be impossible to approach the river's edge, from which we ferry over to Castilblanco on a raft worthy of Noah.

The ferryman, except for his lack of joviality, resembles Sancho Panza. Gloomy, taciturn, and indifferent, he receives us on board. His dirty cap has become part of his hair, which grows through its open seams. His face is a mass of unkempt beard and two malicious specks of blue serve as his eyes. A cigar stub hangs from his lips.

'What is Castilblanco like?' I ask him.

'What?' he grunts with hostility. 'Castilblanco is like all the towns in the world. Do you think we're savages?'

'No, of course not. But how about the uprising in which the four civil guards were killed?'

'Oh, anybody can lose his head,' he says philosophically.

'Are you from Castilblanco?'

'Yes, I, my wife, and my eight children. But none of us were mixed up in that affair,' he hastens to inform me.

'Have you been a ferryman very long?'

'Forty years. I inherited the job from my father-in-law. Twenty-five years ago this August he was drowned at this very spot with a couple of civil guards.'

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'The civil guard must have bad luck in Castilblanco.'

He nods resignedly. His wife helps us land on the opposite shore, and once the couple are reunited on solid ground the man becomes more human. He studies our automobile carefully, and then looks at us with defiance. 'Are you from the Department of Justice?'

'No.'

'Reporters, then? Yes? Well, you'll find plenty more of them in the town. The people that have come here! If it would only last! Here on the ferry all one gets is hunger and colds in the head. I have to pay six duros in taxes every three months, and the Government has refused me the subsidy it gives others because it says I am an industrial worker. Everything is still the same. And over there is the estate of the Marquis,' he touches his cap as he utters the title, 'which could accommodate a lot of us.'

'Does the Marquis come here often?'

'No. He has n't left the capital for years.'

We start off again for the little mountain on which Castilblanco stands, fording a stream and zigzagging up a bumpy road to the town. Constant labor has obviously been expended on the olive orchards and vineyards. From below, Castilblanco looks like a miserable collection of adobe huts, but once we get within the town we see occasional well-built houses that indicate a certain degree of comfort. The streets, which are paved with rough stone, are full of chickens and pigs. Open sewers run down the middle of them. The children of Castilblanco mock us and inquisitive eyes peer at us from every opening in the walls, but such things are to be found in every Spanish village. We ask our way at the civil-guard headquarters, while the children gather about. 'Look out!' exclaims one of them. 'The tall one is the judge. Let's beat it.'

The civil guards know nothing about anything. They have just come and receive us politely but suspiciously. The telegraph operator, however, a native of the town, is more talkative. 'What happened here was a terrible thing,' he sighs. 'I've wept for days on end at seeing my neighbors go by as prisoners. You know, I grew up with most of them, and they are not really bad. No town could be more industrious, more hospitable, or better behaved. What happened was just a crazy fit and the work of some damned impostors.'

'Are there any political bosses in town?'

'Bosses in Castilblanco? Not one. No bosses and no poverty. Our nine hundred people have fifteen hundred pigs, and all except seventy own their own homes. Although a few people own all the land, it is very well subdivided through leases and subleases. Some of those who took part in the affair, crying "Death to the bourgeoisie," own capital worth ten or fifteen thousand duros. In the Centro Club well-to-do people mingled with the real poor and their egotism incited the latter to rebel against the really wealthy citizens. I saw the danger and urged everyone to stay with his own kind.'

'And these impostors, who were they?'

'I'll tell you. The trouble was caused by some newspapers. The people read *La Verdad Social* (*The Social Truth*) and one called *Mundo Obrero* (*The Labor World*) from Madrid. Being uneducated, they accepted everything they read as articles of faith. Speeches? Very few orators have come to Castilblanco. Before the Republic the town knew nothing of politics. In July a Communist called Rico spoke twice, and after that the public was inflamed. Bitterness and hatred were abroad.'

'Were there any other signs of social unrest?'

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'Yes. Incited by the speeches of the Communist, some cattle herders and shepherds declared a dangerous strike. They cut telegraph wires and threatened people. You can see how absurd it was because the strikers themselves, after having won their demands, asked their employers for a cut in wages.'

'And after the killing of the civil guards what happened?'

'Nothing. Most people hid at home and many came to me, weeping, asking me not to wire the news of the crime to Badajoz so that everything could be the same again.'

TWO old women receive us at the 'restaurant,' which looks like all the other houses.

'Is this where food is served?'

'Here?' they ask in surprise. 'Food? At this hour? We have to feed six pairs of civil guards and all we could give them to-day was crumbs. We were just going to make some bacon soup for ourselves. That's all we have.'

'How about those hams hanging in the hall?'

'They are n't ready.'

'Where can we eat, then?'

'There is an inn on the plaza.'

The plaza of Castilblanco lies open to the icy winds of the near-by mountains and is badly paved. The townhall is the largest building. In the bare, cold rooms of the courthouse some fifty ragged children are spelling words with melancholy singsong voices. There is what might be called a tavern here, a house like all the rest, where a fairly communicative man serves us coffee. The best thing about the place is the company. Two fine natives of the region are warming themselves at the fire. One says he is a dyer; the other is a goatherd, a rough, straightforward fellow.

'How many newspapers come to Castilblanco?' we ask.

'About a hundred and ten, I think. Most of them are copies of the newspaper with a lot of stamps on it which they call *A. B. C.*' This is the monarchist organ.

'Are there any automobiles?'

'No. A truck comes twice a week with groceries.'

'Shops?'

'No shops like those in Talavera where they sell notions, cheese, shoes, and dresses.'

'Any radios?'

'Yes, two. The priest and the doctor each have one and they hear very good things from Madrid.'

'What do people eat here?'

'Oh, they kill a pig and live on that. They have some vegetables and they bake bread once a month.'

'Does every one live alike?'

'All except eight or twelve bourgeois families. The men and women work together in the fields, and at harvest time the women reap the grain while the men go to find work in Andalusia.'

'Have you gone in for politics much here?'

'Never. Deputies never come. We've had so little politics that even the dictatorship had no organization here. Before the Revolution a Republican spoke here and offered us a new road worth half a million pesetas, which is now being built. A Socialist spoke here in the last election. He had a lot of sense. But the real cause of this trouble was a traveling photographer who made a speech, saying, "With the intestines of the best bourgeois we must hang the rest of them." This started things and made a bad atmosphere until even the poor children would n't play with the children of bourgeois families and would spit at bourgeois ladies. This fellow said that by the first of the year we should have Communism in Spain, and told us not to gather olives until everything belonged to the poor.

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'Such people are fools. When we told them that Communism would n't come, they would say, "Well, did n't the King leave without telling us, and did n't the Republic come the same way? How do you know we won't some day all be alike, both rich and poor?"'

'And the guards, how did they act?'

'All right. It is true that for some time people complained that they often ate with the rich. But what's wrong with that? The civil guard lived like country folk. We often used to play cards with them right here, not for money, of course, but for a cup of coffee or a drink. One of them was going to be married. The banns were to be published the day after he was killed, and the dresses he had ordered for the bride arrived in the midst of the tragedy. But they say that his family is going to give them to her anyway.'

'How many schools are there?'

'Four, two for girls and two for boys.'

'Many churches?'

'No, just one.'

'Are the people Catholics?'

'Yes, they go to mass and keep fasts.'

'What do they think about the killing of the guards?'

'They are sad and afraid. It was madness, a terrible misfortune.'

'Do people travel from here?'

'Very little. At most, to neighboring towns. One man left for the Argentine.'

'Do you have much crime?'

'No. The doctor was saying the other day that in twenty-nine years he has certified only four violent deaths. We drink little, because the vineyard harvests are getting smaller every year. You hardly ever see anyone drunk.'

Such is Castilblanco, a typical Spanish village with its defects and virtues, violence and simplicity. Its inhabitants are neither brutes nor civilized men, but peasants who have little bread or culture and who work stubbornly to make a sterile hillside useful and productive.

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One of the most readable and learned of living German historians, a man of the Spengler and Friedell school, foretells the slaughter of more Chinese for the greater glory of capitalism and in another essay mourns the death of liberalism and the rise of collectivism.

Essays *in* PROPHECY

By THEODOR LESSING

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*
Prague German-Language Daily

I. ORIENTAL PROPHECY

PLANT an acorn and a pine cone side by side, and what happens? A sturdy oak tree shoulders its way out of the soil, and beside it grows a slender pine. For a few years they both flourish splendidly. The hard, earnest, horny oak tree needs a lot of room and many peaceful generations to grow to its full stature. The pine tree, on the other hand, is not so deeply embedded in the soil. It is more supple and slender. It does not need so much room or so much time. It grows more easily and rapidly. Of course, it is always in danger because any gust of wind may uproot it, and therefore it has to lean on the oak tree, which would defy the centuries if it could but attain its full growth. But the pine tree soon outgrows the oak and mercilessly robs it of light until the oak tree withers away.

China and Japan stand in precisely this relationship to one another. Japan has China to thank for everything that it has achieved. Just as the rococo period in Europe was nothing but the development and refinement of baroque, so Japanese culture is nothing but the repetition of the previous bronze culture of China in terms of pastry and pasteboard. Hence the attitude of Europe and America toward the two Eastern powers, toward the dragon and the cherry tree.

Centuries ago China was discovered, and it seemed incomprehensible, marvelous, baroque, and wonderful. Then Japan suddenly became the sentimental vogue in Europe. Remember the career of Lafcadio Hearn. The Western arts, especially so-called expressionism, were the result of Eastern influences, and what wretched influences they were. They brought us a made-in-America kind of China.

The pine tree flourishes splendidly

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in conventional gardens. The oak tree remains solitary. Sun Yat-sen, educated in Europe, a Christian Communist dreamer, and Yuan Shih-kai, an unscrupulous Europeanized general, created the new China, but the old China remained invincible. The last great reorganization of this unfortunate giant occurred in 1928, thanks to the efforts of Sun Yat-sen's successor, Chiang Kai-shek, who tried to combine the modern demands of new China with the old China that had remained true to *han-lin*. Translated literally '*han-lin*' means 'a forest of inscriptions.' It is the name that is given to the old Chinese education, especially the delicately written characters. China remained true to itself, but Japan turned traitor and became military and industrialized. It became the England of the Pacific.

Centuries before Christ China discovered the printing press, gunpowder, and machinery, but it has never used these tools, as we do, to bend other nations to its will. For centuries it remained the noblest force for peace in the whole world, but every time it came in contact with Western culture a catastrophe occurred. Spain's domination created havoc in 1600. Dutch pirates did even more damage, killing off the Ming dynasty with terror and atrocities and founding the Manchu Empire. But the most disastrous experiences of all were the collisions with England, which engineered the Opium War for the diabolic purpose of poisoning the Chinese people with opium. Contacts with Russia also were harmful, and the Soviet system is now the model on which the Kuomintang is built.

JAPAN would never have been able to conquer its Chinese neighbor, it could never have won Korea, Formosa, and the Pescadores, if the Western powers had not instructed and assisted its wildly nationalistic little inhabitants. China, whose soul invaded the world without force of arms, has now become the sacrificial lamb of world politics, and all the Western powers have attacked the Chinese like Huns. They have lain at the gates of the Great Wall like beasts of prey, awaiting the hour when China should be divided up among them. This historic period has just come to an end in Manchuria. The whole world of so-called culture has been crying, 'Stop, thief!' while its statesmen have had three thoughts in mind. First, 'How much money can we make selling guns and machinery?' Secondly, 'How shall we localize the new world conflagration?' Thirdly, 'When the lamb is killed, who will fleece it? Who will make soup from its bones?'

'But the League of Nations is in session at Geneva,' people say. True, indeed, and here is the maddest of all political comedies. A hundred thousand English women have sent whole mail bags full of Platonic protests. The friends of peace in every country are agitated, and Baron Sato cleverly hoodwinks M. Paul Boncour, explaining how and why Japan, now that it has been sufficiently armed by Europe, must launch the most inexcusable of all wars. Three Japanese monks have been murdered, and a Japanese captain who was also a spy has been shot. National honor must be avenged.

Chapei, one of the suburbs of Shanghai, has been reduced to dust and ashes. The Europeans, safely protected, stand on their roofs and watch the lovely conflagration through opera glasses. A big city, a city of poor people, —for the rich always pack their trunks in plenty of time,—is bombed by a few airplanes out of a clear sky, and without any previous declaration of war. From now on every day will bring more news of this kind, unless it is edited or suppressed.

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The question is whether Japan or Russia or America will gain control of the Chinese Eastern Railway and exploit a land in which no railway, no factory belongs to the people any more, an unprotected land that is just beginning to recover from a natural catastrophe as disastrous as if all Switzerland or Holland had been wiped out by floods. Educated people are enviably unimaginative. They do not care a straw for what is happening on the other side of the world.

What ought to be done? The manufacture of armaments should be forbidden. If nations with culture want to fight one another over their honor, let them fight with fists and arms, with tooth and claw. To manufacture cannon and to yearn for peace is a contradiction. Ultimately, cannons always go off of themselves. Kakuzo Okakura, Japan's noblest philosopher, wants to bring the ideals of the East to the Western world in order to save the soul of the world. What a dreamer! He will now see that his own country and empire are about to exterminate the last traces of soul and nature on earth with the aid of the ideals of the West. Twenty years ago I prophesied this in my book, *Europe and Asia*. What is actually going to happen? All the statesmen will protest. All nations with a tradition of culture will be indignant. To sum matters up, here are the three important questions. First, who will profit from the ultimately successful slaughter of the lamb? Secondly, how will the new world conflagration be localized and made imperceptible? Thirdly, who will provide the powder, the splendid poison gas, the fine bombs, and the lovely machines of murder? Who will make money?

II. Lament for Liberalism

THERE is an old saying 'Speak no ill of the dead,' but how could I speak ill at the grave of a person whom I loved and secretly keep on loving? For he was one of the handsomest and noblest of men. He created all British history and the whole of German spirituality. He prospered and labored under many names. His philosophic name was 'individualism'; the proletariat and all men of nature called him 'anarchism'; but the bourgeois, the educated man, called my dear dead friend 'liberalism.'

He was a handsome man, more handsome, much more lovable, and closer to life than his vanquishers who slew and succeeded him—socialism, Communism, Bolshevism, rationalism, or whatever you like to call them. What a splendid period it was. Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Herder, Leibnitz, Kant, all Germany's great men were his sons. All of them belonged body and soul to bourgeois liberalism. The political Bible of those remote days was Adam Smith's classic work, *The Wealth of Nations*. The slogan of that period was 'Live and let live.' My dear dead friend did more voluntary, good-hearted work from sheer virtue and nobility than will ever be done again by individuals out of the goodness of their hearts.

He never cared much about equality. He did not understand the idea of equality, since it was the product of machines and barracks. But he was an enthusiast for liberty. He did not like any extremes, either to the right or to the left. He was never really young. He was a mature, well-balanced spirit. He understood and profoundly felt that all of human life at every instant is a balance between two forces that either gulp us down into the bowels of the earth or waft us aloft into the upper air. The only place where we can stand is on the ground. It is all a question of measure and mean, of giving form to life. Our good old liberalism did not want to alter the cosmos. He well understood that progress always mis-

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carries and that every change finally turns out to be a snare and a delusion. Humanity is like a fever patient who in paroxysms of pain keeps turning from side to side, from right to left, from left to right. And with every turn he thinks, 'Now I am better off, now I have found the right position. Now recovery will set in at last.'

My dear friend did not like preaching, and when he did preach he agreed with Goethe, saying, 'Let each man see where he stands,' or 'The demand of the moment is decisive,' or 'Let every man mind his own business.' He never had any universal receipts; he distrusted every ideal Utopia. He was relativistic to a fault. There was only one point on which he was marvelously credulous, and on this point I was always incredulous and disagreed with my dear friend from my early youth. He believed in the human heart; he never demanded the same thing for everybody. Instead, he demanded that each person should get what belonged to him. He was forever struggling against fear and hope as the two worst enemies of the human race.

What did he die of? Let us confess it quietly and clearly. He was too good for this world. He died of our universal stupidity, of the evil in human nature. He would have lived forever if we had all loved one another. But we are wolves, carnivorous apes with a thin veneer of nobility and culture, thwarted beasts of prey. Preaching liberalism or, to use nonbourgeois expressions, leaderlessness and anarchy, to such a race would be equivalent to introducing self-government into an insane asylum. Goethe, whose centenary we are celebrating this year, was a bourgeois and a liberal. We cannot emulate him any more. We all became proletarians long ago. The world's population has more than doubled in the past hundred years. In 1832, when Goethe died, the world had nine hundred million inhabitants, of whom a hundred and seventy-five million were 'European.' To-day the world has over two billion inhabitants, of whom seven hundred and fifty million are 'European.' In Goethe's time a sixth of the world was Europeanized, and to-day more than a third is. What does this mean? Inevitable collapse. Read my book, *The Intellectual Decline of the World.*

ONE of the bravest people I know, Luise Michel, said one of the truest things that was ever spoken when she went over from extreme Communism to radical anarchism: 'Every form of power is bad, mine included.' This is quite true. Every form of power is bad, and it makes no difference whether power comes from the spirit of Fascism or Communism, whether it aims to maintain a certain nation or to achieve some human goal. Every power is evil. Liberalism and anarchism were both profoundly right when they said, 'Children, love one another.' But children don't love one another at all. They might like to bring justice into the world, but how about love?

Prince Kropotkin, Bakunin, and all the great individualists believed that love was a law of nature and they pointed to the mutual aid prevailing in the animal kingdom. What a mistake. Human society is something quite different from a natural community. Law, the state, and, above all, human reason came into existence because the regulation of life through the instincts had broken down in mankind. To sum the matter up in as few words as possible, human society is the compensation that the community gains in return for being threatened by atomization, that is, by individualism and liberalism. None of us can build on the social instinct; we build on the state, on reason, on positive law. Or, to put the matter in

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theological terms, the order of God is established so that the natural order may be saved. Terrible, but true.

Do you believe in the good human heart, and, if so, why? I believe in the most terrific, loveless, and irresistible power in the world, a power that is much stronger than all muscles and cannons, than all the passions of nature and all the world history of humankind. I believe in the intelligence. I know that in a century the world will be governed by a dictatorship of logic such as we who belong to the liberal-individualistic epoch cannot even imagine. This automatism of the intelligence will come into being simply because without it all the nations of the earth, those great ant-hills in the jungle of nature, would all fall upon each other and devour each other. Either the world will go to spiritual destruction with its technique, its will to power, its mechanism, or the international spirit will achieve autonomy. But all this means that liberalism is dead. We now have no choice. It is either a struggle for power or a world economic system, either nationalism or the superstate.

Just one consolation remains. Complete dictatorship of the intelligence, complete equality for all forms of life, reaches its apotheosis in absolute freedom for the individual, in anarchy. In the great war between principles, with nationalism on the one hand and internationalism on the other, with nature on the one hand and intelligence on the other, reason is the mean and the means, the only possible intermediary that can help every nation, every stretch of territory, every single personal life, and aid them all side by side. The Bolshevik, the nationalist, the Communist, too? Certainly, and for the sake of individualism. Here is my hand, comrade. Don't laugh. Don't consider me a bad fighter if I pass a few pleasant hours here and become a little lyrical at the grave of my ancestor, if I shed a tear and drop a blossom over my dear, dead friend—good, brave old bourgeois liberalism.

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Persons and Personages

Otto Braun, Prussian Prime Minister

From the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt Liberal Daily

If we had no political parties, and if party struggles in Germany did not involve permanent self-mutilation of the country, it would not be difficult to pass unanimous judgment on Otto Braun. That there is no personal stain upon him and that he is untouched by political corruption distinguishes him from many others, but, happily, independent integrity is not so rare in German political life that the man who possesses it is famed for this quality alone. What makes Otto Braun unique is his statesmanship, which is something that few others possess to a like degree.

Herr Braun is one of the few great figures of abiding worth who have endeavored to mould the future of Germany since the War. If he did not belong to a party which has become, not wholly unwillingly, an object of animosity to much of the population, if he were not the powerful leader of 'black-red' Prussia, which the massed armies of its opponents are trying to overwhelm every day, one would have to be blind indeed not to recognize that he is a complete man and a true statesman.

Otto Braun need not worry. There have been greater men than he who have not been spared his experience. Moreover, he lacks the advantage of having performed statesmanlike labors of a spectacular nature. Most of us have an exaggerated idea of what a man must accomplish in order to deserve the title of statesman. Herr Braun did not establish the new Reich, although he was not inactive in creating the state that was founded at Weimar. Herr Braun did not win any war. He did not have any ready-made plan that would redeem the state and the economic system from disaster overnight. No one has ever heard of his possessing an infallible receipt for reforming the Reich. His achievements do not lend themselves to popular slogans. He has never said what he would do if he had the power. Herr Braun makes no false promises, but he does not dodge issues either. He does not promise what he cannot perform, but devotes his attention to discovering what can actually be done. At the moment very few people are studying the real potentialities of the situation in Germany. Most people have no inclination to investigate the factors that now limit either our foreign or our domestic political possibilities. They simply confine themselves to proclaiming what they want. Men like Braun and Brüning have learned from experience that desire can accomplish nothing if there is no path that it can follow, but most spectators are deafened by heroic phrases.

There are those who regard Hugenberg and Hitler as statesmen. But the kind of politician who has not yet chanced to run his head against a

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wall whose existence he denies though everyone else knows that it exists cannot be called a statesman. That would be too optimistic. The man who has experienced for himself the limits of what is possible, the man who has discovered with dismay the incredible limitations of the political field in which he must move, the man who has worked year after year, and who has had to override prejudices, illusions, and party wishes in order to follow the only possible path, the man who has been attacked by his own followers just as vigorously as by his opponents during the nerve-racking struggle—such a man is a true statesman. No leader can relentlessly oppose the fundamental tendencies of his party,—Hitler himself is the prisoner of his storm battalions,—but every leader must have the courage and the power of persuasion to turn his party in the right direction at the decisive hour.

OTTO BRAUN has often been displeasing to his party, incomprehensible even to many of his friends, but the main lines of his policy are clear even to his critics. The policy of the Social Democratic Party in tolerating Brüning and his emergency decrees has involved the destiny not only of the Social Democratic Party but of all Germany, and this policy could never have been put through if the Prussian Prime Minister had not been the energetic leader of a strongly governed state. His opponents have described his toleration policy as undemocratic speculation devoid of character. Actually, it represents the intelligent attempt of a party to rise above its own sentimental and doctrinaire opinions and to accomplish a national task. This is a fact that may possess immense significance in the political future.

We have traveled far since the pre-war period when laws were passed against Socialists. Otto Braun is certainly not the only man who has traveled this road, but he is an outstanding example. The former state that wanted to uproot Socialism when Socialists made demands that would seem like child's play nowadays laid a heavy hand on Braun when he was a young man. He was thrown into prison on groundless charges and was given no attention when he was threatened with appendicitis there. One cannot expect much kindness from those whom one has mistreated, but when this Social Democrat came into power he did not act revengefully. No victorious party, after winning a difficult battle, can avoid handing out a great number of political jobs. But, if we stop to compare what has happened in Prussia with what would happen if Herr Hitler were triumphant, we must admit that Otto Braun is a very moderate conqueror.

He is not one of those whose youthful party experiences as a proletarian have filled him with relentless class hatred. His parents were poor East Prussian agricultural workers and he himself was brought up in Königsberg. Before he received the highest office in Prussia, his life work was not to overthrow the upper class but simply to strengthen the class from which he himself had come and whose misery and impotence he knew from his

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own experience—the agricultural workers. Thanks to his efforts, they won the right to form unions and thus achieved decent living and working conditions. He interested himself in their instruction and education but he did not depend on their support alone. During his four years as Prussian minister of agriculture, he proved not only that his heart lay with the workers but that he was trying to open up new paths and possibilities to agriculture.

Of course, he was never a great landowner. He was simply a German peasant with his own little garden, dumping manure on his own soil, a man without conventionality in speech or bearing, a very powerful man with a mighty head who never felt better than when he was in the East Prussian forests. He is no pleasure lover, no horse trader, not even in political matters, and he is nothing of a demagogue. He is simply a sound human being who would gladly be the lifelong comrade of us all, from right to left, if there were no such thing as party strife or if we were all to learn gradually that a good, independent political opponent is a gift of the gods.

In other countries Otto Braun would have been a popular figure long ago, but here in Germany it is hard to unearth even a few details about his life. He himself says little; he does n't like to pose in the spotlight. Occasionally he makes a speech before some political gathering and sometimes he delivers an official public utterance that is clearly thought out but quite unpretentious. Now and then one hears of his getting into some political struggle, and at such times he is obdurate. He knows how to fight his way through to victory.

AT LAST a little book has appeared describing Otto Braun's public achievements. It is entitled *Otto Braun* and is published by the Historisch-Politischer Verlag of Berlin. The author, who conceals his identity behind the name of Hans Steffen, must hold a position not far from Braun himself, and he describes with laudable tact and excellent style the chief virtues of Braun's political achievements. Would that all those who cast aspersions on the 'Red' Prime Minister, on his party doctrines and his Marxism, would take the trouble to draw up a list of everything Braun's régime has accomplished. Many people believe that it was a mistake for him to strengthen the position of the agricultural workers by giving them the right to form unions, but are his efforts to settle people on the soil and his efforts to increase agricultural production crimes? Not even his opponents can seriously attack him for enunciating the principle that the German people should be able to grow their own food in so far as their country is able to provide it. Furthermore, was it a crime to promote reforestation and the cultivation of moorlands and to organize agricultural schools? He had to refuse to impose a tariff as long as agriculture would not work for its own good.

At this point we come to the long list of misdeeds for which his opponents cannot forgive him. But he has made it hard for them, because his policy must be completely misrepresented if it is to be denied the national

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purpose of which he is most justly proud. This man who walked out of the room because he could not bring himself to vote for the signing of the Versailles Treaty, who lost his only son in the War, who did everything in his power to strengthen the Rhineland in its fight against France and separatism, who has opposed the French thesis of German war guilt, this man who is proud to call himself a Prussian is not easily to be despised and undermined, although many attempts have been made. How talented we Germans are in attacking one another.

Of course, all attacks must be concentrated on Braun and the new Prussia if the Reich is to be overthrown. Here is its bulwark. For Otto Braun seems to have chosen to fulfill the historic task of forming a bulwark against the German storm. Hence his foresight in relation to reforms of the Reich, whose necessity he recognizes as clearly as we all do; hence, likewise, his refusal of offers to enter the Reich government. More than once this possibility was almost realized, especially in September 1930 and July 1931. Since Brüning sets a higher value on prudence than on any other quality and since a veil must regrettably be drawn over the most interesting events, we cannot tell what offers were made or how ready Braun was to accept them. In any event, the combination of Brüning and Braun was nearly made on both occasions, and the second time Braun was not unwilling to leap into the breach. If, sooner or later, new tasks are required of him he will know how to meet them. For a man of sixty need not be considered old nowadays unless he so desires. But these tasks will not be party tasks, because Herr Braun, like Germany itself, has passed beyond that stage.

The Work of Leonid Leonov

By Maxim Gorki

Translated from *Europe*, Paris Foreign-Affairs Monthly

I AM not a critic and do not feel inclined to 'interpret' an artist; I am merely attempting to explain my own feeling about Leonid Leonov.

He is one of the chief representatives of the contemporary group of Soviet writers who continue the work of classical Russian literature—the work of Pushkin, Griboiedov, Gogol, Turgeniev, Dostoievski, and Leo Tolstoi. It is too early to determine the degree of his talent, for that faculty, like any other, is developed by exercise. No one could foresee that Dostoievski, author of that sentimental and, on the whole, lamentable novel, *Poor Folk*, would turn out to be capable of writing the vitriolic *Notes from Underground* and *The Brothers Karamazov;* Tolstoi's *Childhood* and *Youth* give us no ground for supposing that he could create *War and Peace*.

It seems to me, however, that Leonid Leonov's talent is increasing with extraordinary rapidity; and that from *The Badgers* to *The Thief* or that other novel, *Sot*, he has made such progress that I personally do not find in all our literary history a single case of such rapid and indisputable

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growth. The proof of this increase of power lies in the complexity of his themes, elaborated boldly and with a sure hand, in the continually deepening sonority of his phrasing, and in his originality of expression. He is working more and more successfully at cultivating his style, and each new story, each new book has a more convincing ring than the last. If here and there *The Thief* seems somewhat overstressed, *Sot* has the restraint of a symphony.

Speech—which may clothe lies as well as truth—characterizes a man as much as action does. To each of his characters Leonov succeeds in apportioning distinctive words and expressions, faultless in emphasis. Out of the inexhaustible wealth of our language, Leonov can choose exactly the terms whose connotations and cadence have a special magical power to persuade us, and his books have almost no superfluous words.

A master of his art, he never, so to speak, indulges in dissertations, but always describes, using words as a painter uses colors. There is nothing in his style of Dostoievski's hysterical precipitancy, dear to so many, which often gives the reader the impression of hearing the wounded groan between the lines of the characters' dialogue. More and more frequently we encounter in Leonov's delineations those emphatic strokes that gave Leo Tolstoi's work such astonishing plasticity—and which cost him so much labor. If we may say of Tolstoi that he forged his books in iron and of Turgeniev that he cast his in bronze and silver, let us say of Leonov that he is a master of complicated alloys. As a landscape artist, he often strikes the primordial, lyric tone of our poet, Tiutchev, while in his profiles of human beings one feels the sharp-edged accuracy of Lermontov's prose. In short, Leonov is a bee that gathers honey from the richest flowers.

IT IS with deliberate intention that I assign to Leonov so high a rank and place him on a level with the greatest men of our literary past. And he himself suggests that our attitude toward him should be most exacting. In reply to a questionnaire, Leonov has stated that his writing has been influenced by Dostoievski. The truth is that the characters in his dramas of manners often give the impression of an 'elementary revolt of instinct,' made anarchical by the age-old violence of the capitalist régime—of the instinct of the ego, of self-dependence, instincts that even the subtle manœuvres of so powerful an organization for oppression as the Church have never succeeded in reducing below a certain norm.

It seems to me that this avowal of Leonov's was made without due reflection, and that he is mistaken. I do not think it is to be explained by a profound 'natural' affinity between Leonov and a man whose dread of life and whose outbursts of morbid rage proceeded from an unfortunate infirmity—epilepsy; I think Leonov's overhasty acknowledgment is due to his desire to find some immediate point of support for his creative work. Dostoievski, in his personal life as well as in his writing, has shown the world how much the individual can be deformed by the conditions of

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existence imposed upon him by a capitalist society. As a disciple of Fourier, he suffered for his ideas, and he set himself with all the violence of an emotional temperament to hate the prime cause of his suffering. Thus his aversion deviated; and this error resulted in another even more instructive for us.

Dostoievski became the poet of the elementary revolt of the individual, then of revolt for revolt's sake. His chief work, *Notes from Underground*, which contains all the genius of all his most important books, is devoted to the defense of complete and unlimited self-determination. His Raskolnikov, Stavrogin, and Karamazovs are diverse reincarnations of one essential type, the 'underground man,' the man who has nothing and nobody to love, to whom the whole world appears hateful, who takes a passionate pleasure in chaos and destruction, who refuses to live otherwise than according to the dictates of his own blind will, whose ineradicable impulse is to inflict moral and physical martyrdom upon his neighbor; the man who consciously, in order to satisfy a morbid delight in revolt for its own sake, sets himself against 'all human progress based upon the formulæ of economic science,' against 'prosperity, liberty, and all the rest of it.'

Aristotle says in his *Politics* that man outside the limits of society is either a god or a beast. Dostoievski, in this character of the 'underground man,' has created a sick and vicious animal. He could not have drawn this type from the people who came under his youthful observation, the Belinskis, the Nekrasovs, and other writers of the period, nor yet from the friends he made in the Butachevich-Petrachevski set. His 'underground man' was born of observations made in penal servitude, among the inhabitants of the 'House of the Dead.' That is why the Karamazov clan is in nearly every case contaminated by obsessions of cruelty, violence, and murder. In after years Dostoievski was obliged to express his condemnation of the 'underground man,' in order to defend God, the Church, and the autocratic régime; this he did in his *Journal of a Writer*. He then had to balance against the 'fundamental anarchism' of 'a sick, malicious, unprepossessing man' his 'idiots' cowed by clerical influences and his futile novices in monasteries.

I SEE no reason to believe that Leonid Leonov will have to undergo the complete circle of contradictions that Dostoievski passed through, beginning in 1864, when he preached the complete autonomy of the individual, and ending in 1881 with his sermons on humility and resignation. When Leonov says that he has affinities with Dostoievski, I think that this admission is to be explained, as I said, by the impatience with which all young writers seek to discover some point of support. This precipitancy has its roots deep in the past, for the capitalist régime in Russia, as elsewhere, puts the individual into a perpetual state of defense against the brutalities of every sort committed by a class society.

Within the bounds of the Soviet Union, however, tens of millions of

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individuals are already conscious of their right to liberty and are engaged in making it a reality. The world has entered upon an era of revolutions that will inevitably assume a social character everywhere, and, like rivers meeting in the sea, will fuse in a single universal revolution. The individual who is seriously and sincerely desirous of a free expansion of personality must obviously take part in the struggle for the emancipation of the masses —the only power really able to insure the independent growth of individual personality and the development of a 'private spiritual economy' in accordance with the new world economic system—until we reach the point where each, ceasing to consider himself as belonging to a profession or class or church, will feel that he belongs to humanity.

History shows us the individual 'soul' violated, crushed to atoms by the very conditions of existence in class states and by its sterile efforts to discover any 'objective truth' in the ignoble chaos of those conditions. Yet truth has been discovered; it is what may be termed a militant truth, simply formulated by Karl Marx: all that stands in the way of humanity's cultural progress must be destroyed. To return to Leonid Leonov, I should like to say that his talent, which causes me the profoundest satisfaction, is such that we may certainly hope for books from this young author which will contribute to a renascence of humanity, to its gathering together into one universal family.

In Praise of 'Alain'

By Denis Saurat

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

'Alain' is one of the great essayists of all time. The French have a great tradition in the essay, culminating in the successive centuries in Montaigne, Pascal, Vauvenargues. The nineteenth century, with Joubert and the Swiss Amiel, was perhaps less exalted, but the twentieth has made ample amends by giving us 'Alain.' 'Alain' will rank above Vauvenargues and challenge Montaigne.

His influence has been, first of all, a personal one. He teaches philosophy to young men of seventeen or eighteen in Paris, and his pupils look upon him as Plato and his fellows looked upon Socrates. The most celebrated of them is André Maurois, who has done suitable homage to his master in a preface to the English translation of *Mars ou la Guerre jugée* (*Mars, or War As It Is*, published by Jonathan Cape).

'Alain' has also had a great, though anonymous, journalistic career. He began writing as a contributor to a popular paper in the West of France, and found his instrument in the two-page essay, which was first of all a newspaper article. For years he wrote one of these every day, and he has found it hard to break himself of the habit—which, in the end, has been somewhat detrimental to his writing. The articles were mostly political,

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but often of a philosophical tendency. A selection of them, dated, has been made in *Éléments d'une doctrine radicale*—an immortal justification of liberal democracy that ought to be carried about in the side pocket of every politician and be at the bedside of every citizen. Members of Parliament recover their self-respect when they read that book, and Mussolini has doubts of his own greatness. Here is, in part, his celebrated essay on 'Sheep':—

'The sheep is in a poor position to pass judgment. We see the shepherd marching ahead of his flock, which presses after him. We know that the sheep would all think they were lost if they did not follow the shepherd, who is kind and good to them. I have heard that sheep which are being led to the capital to be slaughtered may die of grief on the way if they are not accompanied by their usual shepherd. Nature has made things this way, and it is true that the shepherd thinks a great deal about the sheep and about the good of the sheep. Things go wrong only when the moment for slaughter arrives, but this is an isolated event which happens quickly and does not change the sentiments involved.'

Mother sheep explains this to her beloved lamb, and talks of the wolf, and of evil-minded black sheep who are ungrateful to the shepherd:—

'Who takes care of you? Who shelters you from the sun and rain? Who regulates his pace to yours so that you can graze at your leisure? Who fatigues himself searching for the stray lamb? Who carries it back in his arms? I have seen this hard man weep when a sheep died of sickness. Yes, I have seen him cry. The day when a lamb was eaten by the wolf he flew into a great rage, and the head shepherd, a superior, invisible providence, himself took an interest. He swore that the lamb should be avenged. Then war was declared on the wolves and five of their heads were nailed to the doors of the stable for one lamb that had been killed. Why look for further proof? We are his members and his flesh. He is our strength and our will. That is why, my son, you owe it to yourself to overcome the difficulty you feel in obeying, as a certain wise sheep has said. So reflect and pass judgment. What good reason would you be able to find for disobeying? A clump of flowers to nibble at, or the pleasure of gamboling on the green?'

And the beloved lamb understood, and meditated on these eternal truths as he was being taken to the slaughterhouse—by the shepherd. He had, as a fact, never experienced anything but kindness from the man, so that experimental science was on the side of the mother's teaching:—

'The lamb therefore followed these sublime ideas in order to stand more firmly on its feet, and it needed to stand firm, for it was surrounded by an odor of blood and could not fail to hear cries that were suddenly interrupted. Finally, it felt that something horrible was about to happen, but what could it fear of a good master whose orders had always been obeyed? What reason was there to fear when the shepherd's face looked just as it usually did, just as tranquil as it was in the pastures? What was there to object to if one had not yet made any objections throughout this long sequence of acts that had all been beneficial? When the benefactor, when

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the defender, remains in peace himself, what can one fear? And, even when the lamb found itself crouching on a bloody table, it still sought the eyes of its benefactor, and, seeing him standing close by, paying attention, it summoned up in its lamb's heart all the courage that it could. Then the knife did its work. Thus the solution was wiped out and the problem along with it.'

This parable cuts through the political into the natural and even the metaphysical world, and gives a sombre answer to the question, 'Whither?' But 'Alain' does not mean it as a solution to our riddles, only as a picture of what would happen were we to renounce our liberty, even at the bidding of our own apparent, immediate interests.

Mars ou la Guerre jugée is the only book I have read on the War that has any intellectual value; a book in which the author thinks, instead of allowing his feelings, or his nerves, to write. The great problem of war is the relationship between everything that is noble in man—courage, self-sacrifice, idealism—and the shambles. The ordinary writer tackles the minor and repulsively easy problem of the relationship between war and what is low in man, and a loathsome kind of pacifism comes from that, the sort of pacifism that leaves man a worm. But 'Alain' shows that real men are driven to war by noble qualities; that is the riddle to be solved if you are to suppress war. And 'Alain' is more of a pacifist than Remarque or Barbusse or Aldington; he knows more about the horrors of war, for he knows the horrors of the spirit at war within in the midst of the turmoil without. *Mars ou la Guerre jugée* is a work of passionate genius, a work that will enable posterity to understand that our War was not just an explosion of madness, but veritably a high tragedy.

BUT politics and war, after all, are activities of men in a state of crisis. 'Alain' devotes by far the greater part of his writing to normal human life. In a period of our history when we need comforting, we find much that is comforting in 'Alain.' No one knows better than he how low human nature can fall. He will analyze all manner of wickedness as searchingly as the strictest Puritan, but the balance of his judgment falls on the positive side. To him, human nature is not evil: oftener evil comes from conflicts among passions in themselves not ignoble. In his innumerable essays, which he calls '*Propos*' and which have been scattered throughout the French press, he discusses not only human nature, but nature also. Why does the wind, blowing on a wheat field, destroy the middle of the field and leave straight and sound the stalks that grow on the sides? 'Alain' knows.

'Here is how I explain the thing. One must always think how the wind charged with rain is pressing from the top downward, as water presses on the bed of a stream. The ears of wheat that are held up by their neighbors cannot avoid the shock: the stalks are broken and the gusts of wind act like a pestle hammering in a mortar. The ears on the edge, however, being free on one side, bend with a supple movement and rise up again.'

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Why do the leaves fall quicker after a long summer? 'Alain' knows. Why are not steam engines or motor-cars built like ships, with a prow that would make the air glide easily on either side? 'Alain' knows. And 'Alain' can answer some of M. Herriot's questions:—

'The other day Herriot asked why Hugo is not honored in our country as Goethe is in Germany. I see one great obstacle for which the French Academy, the men of letters, the journalists, and those who make glory are responsible. Hugo was only a wretched Radical Socialist, and, what is worse, he died impenitent. Goethe himself once said, "The height of all folly is a radical with white hair." And Goethe played the part of courtier all his life. He was a cold, correct minister who marshaled reasons of state like a drill sergeant. When the famous Fichte, who was a professor at Jena and was accused of atheism, wrote to the court at Weimar a rather lively letter affirming the rights of the thinker, Goethe sacrificed him coldly and said he would have done so "even if he were my own son." Such words pay homage to the gods and to the kings. Goethe utterly despised both, but burned incense to them as if at vespers. Hugo, on the other hand, wanted to "clean up" God to make him perfect, but Goethe regarded this as the height of radical folly, as being as insane a thing as desiring a just king. When Hugo withholds respect he is offensive; when he bestows it he causes anxiety because he demands so much. But flattery coming from a courtier who mocks himself is doubly good and that is the way kings like to be loved. Not because they are just, for that is revolution.'

I have mentioned *Les Éléments d'une doctrine radicale* and *Mars ou la Guerre jugée. Les Idées et les ages* gives a *vue d'ensemble* of human nature, dealing in sections with sleep, dreams, tales, games, signs, love, work, religion, character. *Les Entretiens au bord de la mer* are a series of Platonic dialogues which rise to an unsystematic metaphysical conception of freedom—the centre of 'Alain's' thought.

'Alain's' personality is a very curious one; for many years no one knew who he was. His essays were celebrated, but his real name (Chartier) was unknown. No letters to him were answered; no publicity was made; no criticism was taken notice of. But in our modern world he could not but be found out. The successive generations of his enthusiastic pupils have given him away. But perhaps he has given himself away, too, in his most curious volume; a short book of *Souvenirs concernant Jules Lagneau*, his own master, a philosopher so great that he had remained entirely unknown. But humor now comes to temper enthusiasm, and it is therefore time to end this article.

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The outstanding intellectual issue of our day is presented by the founder and guiding spirit of the London *Adelphi* on the one hand and by Germany's greatest humanist critic on the other.

Communism *or* Humanism?

An Anglo-German Debate

I. The Necessity of Communism

By John Middleton Murry

From the *Adelphi*, London Literary Monthly

'THE Necessity of Communism.' What do I mean by Communism? And what do I mean by the *necessity* of Communism?

By Communism I mean what Karl Marx meant by it. I conceive that Marx and Engels, the authors of 'The Manifesto of the Communist Party' in 1848, have the right to define what Communism is. It is unfortunate that, for most people to-day, Communism means not so much the system of economics as the system of government which is now established in Russia. That system is very right and proper for Russia; it is manifestly the product of a specifically Russian historical necessity. The Ogpu is the evident lineal successor of the Okhrana; the autocratic 'dictatorship of the proletariat,' the evident lineal successor of the Tsarist autocracy. They are, in fact, the inevitable accompaniments of an economic revolution *in Russia*. The economic revolution is fundamental and real. Economic individualism has been eradicated in Russia. But this economic revolution has assumed political forms which are purely Russian, and exclusively Russian. Quite naturally it is those political forms of the Russian economic revolution which instinctively repel some Englishmen, and instinctively attract others. In the one case, as in the other, it is the accidents, not the essentials, of Communism which repel or attract them.

Communism, essentially, is simply an economic system under which ownership of the means of production is finally and irrevocably taken away from individuals and vested in the community. It is a system under which the production of goods is regulated by society as a whole—let us say briefly by the state, considered as the executive and regulative instrument of the *whole* community—in the best interests of

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society as a whole. The moment we return to this simple description of the Communist state, we see simply that it is eminently desirable. The difficulty is to find the way to establish it. For, however desirable the Communist state may appear in its simple and abstract description, when we face up to the fact of what is required of us as individual men we turn rather hurriedly aside. It is very easy to talk about the need for other people to sacrifice their economic individualism; it is extraordinarily difficult to have the constant will to sacrifice one's own. To this I shall return, for the overcoming of this stubborn reluctance was crucial in my own development, and is central to my whole position.

By Communism, then, I *do* mean the economic revolution which has taken place in Russia; I do *not* mean the political forms in which that economic revolution has taken shape in Russia. Those political forms are Russian; they are not essential but accidental to Communism. To seek to impose them in England is not only to be a romantic doctrinaire, but also to be an ineffective, and therefore a bad, Communist.

But it must be said, with equal emphasis, that by Communism I do not mean English Socialism, either. English Socialism we know by painful experience. There is no Socialism in it. Again and again it has proved itself to be completely lacking in the will toward that economic evolution which is, and must always be, the essential of Communism. English Socialism, in practice, is simply a high-wage movement. A high-wage movement may be a valuable instrument in the effort to achieve an economic revolution; but when it becomes merely an end in itself, it is contemptible. It is simply capitalism without brains. It has neither logic nor morality to withstand the economic pressure of the system on which it battens, for it is itself morally and logically a part of that system. It booms in a boom, and is depressed with a depression.

There are, of course, some English Socialists—more, I think, in the ranks than among the leaders—of whom this is not true. But as a general description of English Socialism it is accurate enough. The average Labor voter votes simply for higher wages, not at all for economic revolution; and the average Labor leader is led by the men he is supposed to lead. The intellectual Labor leader persuades himself and tries to persuade everybody else that an economic revolution is not a revolution at all.

On the contrary, an economic revolution is by far the most radical of all 'revolutions'; it is the only revolutionary revolution. Those who try to conceal the revolutionary nature of true Socialism are simply selling the pass. Perhaps they do it unconsciously, in which case they have no claim at all to the name of Socialist. For the Socialist who is unaware of the revolutionary nature of the demand he is making cannot be a Socialist. Or they do it deliberately as political tactics, in which case they blunt the fundamental moral appeal of Socialism, and weaken it fatally.

The cat is out of the bag. Communism is, of course, nothing but genuine Socialism. And the measure of the rottenness of English Socialism is its absolute horror of being called Communist. English Socialism is nothing if not respectable. If it had had any guts, and kept any faith, it would never have had to distinguish itself from Communism; it would never have been able to make the distinction. For Communism is simply Marxian Socialism. English Socialism was far too respectable to be Marxist, far too polite to be revolutionary, far too self-important to be anything at all.

And there lies the practical difficulty

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of adopting a name. Communism in this country means the Communist Party; and Socialism may mean anything. English Socialism is not revolutionary; it positively shudders at the imputation. Communism (as represented by the Communist Party) is impossibly revolutionary; in reality it is a dilettantism.

Still, I think that in view of the equivocation with which English Socialism is associated and the discredit into which it has justly fallen, Communism is the right and proper name for the creed which I have adopted. Further, it is the name which Marx gave to the movement which he founded, and to which he devoted his whole life. And since it is, in my conviction, essential that we should return for the fundamentals of our creed to Marx and Engels, and, so far from seeking to mitigate or minimize our descent from those great men, seek rather continually to emphasize and be completely conscious of it, I propose to abjure the word 'Socialism' and use the phrase, 'Independent Communism.' 'Communism' because it is Communism; 'Independent' because it is based on the firm knowledge that doctrinaire Communist tactics *à la Russe* are alien to this country.

NOW to the second question, the *necessity* of Communism. 'Necessity' is a deceptive word. It has two different implications. When therefore I assert 'the necessity of Communism,' I may be asserting (1) that the economic revolution implied in Communism is, in fact, inevitable—that, whatever you or I may do, whether we oppose or aid its coming, or whether we are indifferent, it will come; or (2) that it is a moral necessity or obligation that we should accept this necessity, and aid its coming.

I assert both these propositions. I do not assert them separately. They are inseparably connected with one another. If we see the historical and economic inevitability of Communism, then we are immediately compelled to take a moral decision with regard to it. I maintain that we are morally compelled to be yea-sayers.

First, then, the economic inevitability of Communism. I do not believe that the Marxian analysis of the modern economic situation has ever been really challenged. There are any number of bright people who ignore Marxian economics. The average intelligent modern economist never speaks of him, unless with contempt. The modern convention is that Marx has been superseded; the fact is that Marx has not been understood.

I maintain, without any fear of real contradiction, that the Marxian diagnosis is the only one adequate to the modern economic situation. The Marxian economics is the only economics for which the credit cycle is not a mystery, but a perfectly simple phenomenon. And the credit cycle—boom and depression—is for Marx a quite simple phenomenon, because he was a great enough man to challenge the unconscious assumption of all economics whatsoever. This unconscious assumption is at the basis of all modern economic thinking. It is the assumption that there is and must always be only one means of distributing the goods which are socially produced among the members of the society which produces them: it is by individuals' selling them to one another at a profit. It is perfectly true that this is the only means of distribution that the ordinary man can conceive; it is perfectly true that it is the only means of distribution which is actually employed in modern society outside Russia. In so far, therefore, as economics is the study of what actually happens in modern society, it has a right to make the assumption

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which it does make. But it also has a duty: to be fully conscious that the assumption which it is making is an assumption.

Fundamental to Marx was a kind of awareness of which the modern economist is strikingly incapable. He was aware of the process of history as a process of constant change. He regarded history as fundamentally an economic process, and he saw clearly that there had been economic *revolutions* in the past, and that there would be economic revolutions in the future. That notion is really quite alien to the ordinary economist. It is perfectly simple; one would say almost self-evident. The ideas of great men generally are. It is precisely because they are so simple and so self-evident that the ordinary astute mind cannot take them in. To see things simply and directly demands a measure of self-detachment, of basic disinterestedness, which is rarely found.

Further, Marx saw that the modern industrial system was heading straight for economic revolution. It created products, but it could not distribute them except at the cost of appalling waste and periodical complete dislocation, so that an incredible proportion of the social advantage which machine production really should have brought to humanity is simply thrown away. Probably it would be no exaggeration to say that ninety-five per cent of the social benefits which should have been conferred upon humanity by the facilities of machine production now in actual existence are absolutely wasted.

For the simple fact is that the modern economic system *cannot* distribute the products it creates except on the expectation of making a profit on each act of exchange. Where losses are made, it ceases (though not always immediately) to function. Men compete with one another for profits in a nation; nations compete with one another for profits throughout the world. Competitive individualism is the actual means of distribution. That is a truism, which everybody takes for granted; hardly anyone is aware of the fantastic paradox it really is. Marx was aware of it all the time. He saw clearly that the modern capitalistic system must proceed from crisis to crisis of increasing severity either until there was complete collapse, out of which the beginnings of a saner system would emerge, or until there was a conscious and deliberate economic revolution.

Marxism asserts that the economic revolution is inevitable. It may come in the form of either economic chaos or resolutely willed economic change. Marx, with the sanity of true genius, spent his life in trying to convert men to the doctrine of resolutely willed economic change. He failed. Prosperity makes humbugs of us all. The collapse did not come. It did not take men long to get tired of waiting for something which they did not want. And Marxism, instead of becoming the faith of intelligent men, became rather the dogma of the stupid. Men grew tired of hearing the name of Marx. They took him as read. The rumor ran that he was *vieux jeu*. Why, he even confused 'value' and 'price'! He did nothing of the kind. What he did was to treat 'value' as the moral reality which it is, and 'price' as the economic accident which it is. That, of course, is not 'economics'; it is morality, and justice, truth. These are far more important than economic 'fact,' in the long run. In the long run, says Mr. Keynes somewhere, we shall all be dead. Marx is dead; Mr. Keynes is alive. Yet I surmise that there is a sense—not too abstruse for human comprehension—in which Marx is more alive than Mr. Keynes.

SECONDLY, the moral necessity of Communism.

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The economic revolution is inevitable. Shall it come through chaos, or controlled change? Obviously, if we are sane men, we shall choose controlled change. But something more than sanity is required for this choice. For to choose, in this case, is to act. We have to act so as to hasten controlled change. If we choose controlled change and do not act toward it, we have in fact chosen uncontrolled change, or chaos.

But how can we act toward controlled change? Is there any party in this country to which we can attach ourselves in the conviction that it is working resolutely, with a maximum of effectiveness, toward the economic revolution? Alas, I do not believe there is one. The Labor Party, as far as it is a conscious body at all, wants anything but a real economic revolution. It offers place, career, and privilege to its members, just like any other party. But it is absolutely impossible to advance to the overthrow of egotism by means of egotism.

I am not asking for something that is manifestly impossible. I am not asking that the man who now lives beneath the level of decent subsistence should cease to be an economic egotist. It is his *duty* to be an economic egotist, in the sense that it is his duty to demand from society, as his manifest *right*, that level of decent subsistence which it refuses him. Only let him be sure that he does demand it as a *right*, inherent in him as a man. And let him be certain that his leaders are not economic egotists themselves. For, if they are, they will surely let him down.

There is the crucial question. Ultimately the economic revolution in this country must be based on a moral revolution in the men who lead and guide it. If it does not proceed out of an individual revolution in these men, it will never grow into a social revolution. The issue is perfectly simple. As individuals, the choice is now before us. We may cling to the past, or plunge into the future. If we will plunge into the future, then make no bones about it, *all* our egotism must go. We must be prepared to sacrifice our economic privilege, not at some remote and future time, but *now*. I do not mean by this that we must sell all we have and give it to the poor. I mean, first, that we must be inwardly ready for complete sacrifice, and, secondly, that we must become, to the whole extent to which it is humanly possible, dedicated to the cause of economic revolution. Our money, our energies—all are required of us. We must surrender ourselves completely.

Not in blind faith in the approaching millennium. The millennium will never come. There is no finality in Communism. Communism is only a beginning, the first necessary step to another and a different and a better mode of existence. There will be misery, pain, sickness, and heartbreak in that new world, as there is in this one. But there will be no poverty; and there need be no oppression. The quality of the transition to that different world depends on the quality of those who take the plunge into it, now. If they are spirits, finely touched to fine issues, there is nothing to fear. All the values which men sacrifice in themselves for this one end will be regained more bountifully in the future. For the secret of revolution is that it takes the quality of the men who are dedicated to it.

Men wonder that Communism is a religious movement. It is not strange. It is a movement that can and *must* demand of men that they should sacrifice their all to it, *now*. Of no religion in the Western world to-day can that be said. Therefore there is no religion but Communism. The religion that makes the highest demand on the individual man is the religion that must conquer all others.

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But there is no God in it? None whatever. Not a spark or jot of God. For this is the moment, the historic moment, when God finally disappears from Christianity, and leaves the truth of Christianity free to be itself alone. It is the historic moment when the ethical passion of Jesus can and therefore must be made completely actual; when no God is required to mitigate the tragedy which ensues when that ethical passion beats itself against the bars set by the economic conditions of human existence. The love of man for man need beat itself against the bars no more.

II. The Necessity of Humanism

By Ernst Robert Curtius

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

HUMANISM has been a class-room word for four centuries. In its youth, however, during the glorious quattrocento, it was an exciting movement. Tempestuous and often uncontrollable, yet magnanimous and mindful of the common weal, it was a new spiritual springtime.

To-day humanism is being attacked, not in Germany alone, but more in Germany than anywhere else. So dangerous is this attack that humanism is said to be on its deathbed. I do not agree. I believe that we are too much swayed by prophecies of collapse. How often we Europeans have believed that the end of the world was at hand, how often in a spirit of profound despair our best spirits have lamented the passing of a great tradition. How often Christianity has been proclaimed dead and buried. But the man with historical perspective must admit that up to now the inherited life forces of our culture have altered their forms a thousand times over yet have survived all changes. 'Everything always goes on,' said Hofmannsthal, 'though in a painful and confused way.'

The present position of humanism is certainly painful and confused, but when we understand this position correctly we recognize that our present distress may bring forth a new awakening.

We can understand the principles by which humanism has grown only if we take the widest possible point of view. And now is perhaps the first time when this point of view has been possible. We discover that humanism has appeared in all times and places during Western history. It must therefore be an essential hall-mark of Europeanism. It could adapt itself to the spirit of the Middle Ages, to the spirit of the Renaissance and the Reformation, to enlightenment and classicism, but it also has something of its own. It permeated all these historical phases but did not wear itself out in the process. It would even find a place for itself in the new middle ages which some prophets say is at hand.

This leads us, I believe, to a fundamental truth. If we really want to defend humanism we must not identify it with any one of the historical manifestations that have accompanied it in the past. For instance, it is absurd to believe, just because academic humanism is fighting for existence, that the fate of humanism is at stake. The humanism of academic circles is only a secondary or tertiary form of eternal humanism. Of course, I should like to see a renaissance of humanistic seats of learning, but it would be a hopeless undertaking to try to bring humanism to the modern world by means of the

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schools. It should be done the other way round. If humanism again arouses the enthusiasm of our leading spirits, then the schools will automatically follow their example. No higher good will be accomplished by setting up bleak models and trying to infuse our educational system with outmoded ideas, even if they originated with Melanchthon or Johannes Sturm or Wilhelm von Humboldt.

No special kind of school and no scientific achievement is able to perpetuate the humanistic tradition. This holds true even of classical philology. When philology runs dry and petrifies into learned scholasticism or fruitless historical research or hypersensitive pedagogics, it ceases to give birth to humanistic powers and must content itself with disseminating facts, not ideas. The classical philology of the nineteenth century could not endure the true, keen humanism of Friedrich Schlegel and Nietzsche.

THERE is no necessary connection between humanism and learning. It is mere historic chance whether humanism happens to be allied to the universities or at war with them, whether it enlists itself in the cause of rhetoric, lyric poetry, or criticism, whether it submits itself to a moral or an æsthetic imperative, whether it is classically or romantically inclined. The controversy between classicism and romanticism, by the way, can be settled only by humanism. All these constellations are temporary and changing, as changing as the stylistic ideals of ancient Rome. Some forms of humanism played themselves out in Ciceronianism or some other imitative theory, and all such efforts have been rightly scourged by Erasmus, one of the greatest humanists. Humanism has had its pedants who urged an artificial kind of Latin in preference to the full-blown, spontaneous Latin of the traveling scholars, but history has always decided in favor of those who possess more abundant life. A few lines from the *Carmina Burana* cast all prigs and purists into the darkness where they belong.

In Germany, humanism has too often been confused with schoolmasters and moral duties. We have transformed the warm, southern life feeling of antiquity into a gallery of plaster of Paris busts, but the tremendous shamelessness of an Aristophanes, the naked glow of a Catullus, the witty contempt of a Lucian, and even the amorous sensuousness of a Longos—all these things belong to the kingdom of humanism just as much as the stoic virtue of Cato and the unworldly mysticism of Plotinus. Complete humanism comes to its perfection in Plato's *Symposium*, where wine and beauty, Eros and flute playing, intellectual profundity and religious renunciation are fused into a single whole. The official academic tradition of our humanism pays no attention to these urges and mysteries, and that is why Friedrich Schlegel's question still remains unanswered: 'To live classically and to realize antiquity in a practical way is the summit and purpose of philology. Without any cynicism, is this ideal possible to realize?' Immorality is only an answer to false morality, and in this respect it is an ally of religion.

Humanism means nothing if it is not suffused with the enthusiasm of love. It can impress itself on periods, nations, and human beings only if it arises from a surplus of fullness and joy. It is the tumultuous discovery of an adored prototype. It occurs when the modern spirit becomes aware of itself through encountering a form of life that sleeps in the dark profundity of the blood and thus realizes its depth of origin. It was in this spirit that Hölderlin discovered the divine figures of Olympus.

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It was in this spirit that the art of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance received the antique traditions. Thus was it possible for Greece to be incorporated in Gothic cathedrals and for antique forms to come to life again in Italian paintings.

NOTHING moves the lover of humanism to such significant meditation as true evidence that some individual has awakened and achieved a new and mysterious acquaintance with himself by becoming aware of the magic powers of antiquity. Not much evidence of this kind exists, and so far as I know it has never been collected. Somewhere in his autobiography Edmund Gosse mentions how much he was moved as a boy when he first read the verse of Virgil. Another Englishman, P. W. Robertson, has written as follows in *Life and Beauty:* 'In my third year at school I translated Horace and Virgil and, suddenly one morning, one sentence in one of these old heathen writers awoke a strange disturbance in my soul. It was as if the living, resounding words were ringing through the thin atmosphere like chimes from some unknown world whose existence I had partly begun to suspect. Each lovely word had a strange and exciting freshness quite different from the words that we carelessly use in our daily life. Secretly I made the decision, which I did not dare to reveal either to the teacher or to the other boys, that I would read all of Virgil next year by myself.'

The history of our European spirit has been possible only because at all times a dozen or a few hundred men have gone through such an awakening and such a transforming experience.

People do humanism a serious disservice when they try to prove that it is useful or advantageous on any grounds whatever. Of course, Latin grammar sharpens the wits and ancient history trains one in passing political judgments. Still more important is the conviction that the maintenance of tradition is in itself a necessary and noble task of culture. But all these considerations are open to attack, and not much can be erected on such shaky ground. The only incontestable and insuperable defense is a love of antiquity so consuming that it recognizes itself as a love that transcends all useful purpose. It can live only in freedom and beauty and must scorn endeavoring to convince those who disagree. Eros leaps to the fore and carries the day.

Nevertheless, humanism cannot be prevented from making its *ordo amoris* effectively known. Love and knowledge depend on each other and further each other, as Plato, Saint Augustine, Dante, and Goethe have told us. To get closer to the meaning of humanism, let us make this intellectual experiment. Assume that social and scientific progress has attained its highest goal. Imagine a society in which there is no war, no class struggle, no fight for existence. Social and sexual questions have been solved. There are no illnesses and no prisons, no national or economic boundaries. The process of production works without friction, the fear of death has been eliminated by euthanasia. In such a society socialism, pacifism, nationalism, and imperialism have lost all their reasons for existing. But men will be born, live, and die in that society. All technical problems will have been solved. Only one thing is lacking, and that is the discovery of a meaning in human life. How shall I live, how shall I love, how shall I die? These questions will abide and will be appreciated, perhaps for the first time, at their full significance. This Utopian humanity living in the best of all possible worlds will ask, with anxiety and terror, 'What is man, what is humanity, how can human life attain its highest and most beautiful form?'

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The former editor of the Liberal *Daily News* of London reviews the careers of the two greatest British journalists of the century—C. P. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian* and Northcliffe.

Scott *and* Northcliffe

By A. G. GARDINER

From the *Nineteenth Century and After*
London Literary and Political Monthly

NO PERSONAL event since the death of Gladstone has touched the Liberal thought of the world more profoundly than the passing of Charles Prestwich Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*. It is no exaggeration to say that it is felt as a bereavement, not of this country alone, nor even of Europe alone, but of civilization itself. The fact is the more remarkable because Scott played little or no personal part on the political stage and was little known to the general public, even of his own country. He did not enter the House of Commons as a member until well advanced in years, and though he sat in two Parliaments he occupied no official position, rarely spoke, and retired just when the cause he had supported through the dark days of the Boer War triumphed in the great Liberal revival of 1906. He spoke little in public, wrote nothing under his own name, declined all honors, spent the whole of his long working life in a provincial city, and, so far as I can recall, never had a London residence. Society, in the narrow sense, he did not frequent, and his way of life was unchanged throughout. He cycled to his office from his home at Fallowfield when he was a young man and he cycled to it from the same home when he was far on in his eighties, when his sight had grown dim, and when the country lanes he had once traversed had become busy streets scored with tram lines. In all his personal habits there was a vein of obstinate conservatism which added a pleasant flavor of the past to the spiritual adventure he was always breathlessly pursuing.

His aloofness from the public stage was not due to the fact that he was a recluse or that he cultivated the rôle of the veiled prophet. No one was more free from that affectation, or more accessible, and his manner at all times and in all society was marked by an equable and urbane courtesy. He was without the modern 'complexes,' either of the superior or the inferior variety, and, though he did not suffer fools

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gladly, he was entirely unconscious of social discriminations. The negro preacher, Douglass, who visited President Lincoln said, 'He spoke to me as though he was unaware of the difference of color.' He would have found Scott on the same noble plane of human fellowship. It was the real values of men that alone interested him. For these he had a swift and penetrating insight. It was expressed in his glance. Before semi-blindness fell upon him, his eyes, dark and intense, had a searching and formidable power. They were the most remarkable feature of a striking countenance, and glowed with an all-embracing intelligence and with inner fires that seemed visibly restrained by a masterful will.

There is, nevertheless, no real mystery in the fact that the passing of a man so little known personally to the public should have evoked so world-wide an emotion. Spiritually he had been one of the most powerful influences of civilization for more than half a century, and the fact that that influence was exercised, not by direct personal contact with the public, but through the vehicle of a newspaper, only enlarged and emphasized it. Scott made the *Manchester Guardian*, but it is also true in a sense that the *Guardian* made Scott. The two names were interchangeable, and it was impossible to think of the one without being aware of the other. Every newspaper that achieves success of any sort must have some personal inspiration, even if it is only a passion for power at all costs or for prosperity at any price. But the *Manchester Guardian* under Scott bore the signature of a personality more definite, sustained, and forceful than anything in the records of the world's daily journalism. The concurrence of the man and the vehicle had in it something not wholly fortuitous. Circumstances might almost be said to have dedicated Scott to his life's task before he was born. When John Edward Taylor founded the *Manchester Guardian* in 1824 he was engaged to the sister of Scott's grandfather, and the two families, though widely separated, became linked by the subsequent marriage. Both belonged to the Unitarian connection, which, never large in numbers, was always marked by an intense intellectual life, an austere morality, and a grave attitude to public affairs. The proscription under which nonconformity still labored had bred in it a stern and unbending self-reliance and a spirit of detachment from the general current.

Born at Bath in 1846, Scott was indoctrinated from the cradle with the 'dissidence of dissent' and the milk of Cobdenite Liberalism, and though his residence at Oxford, to which he gained admission with difficulty owing to the still existing theological tests, modified his outlook, he remained throughout his life essentially the product of the nonconformity of the days of tests and proscriptions. It was while he was at Oxford that the second John Edward Taylor invited him to join his staff, and, having taken his degree and served a brief apprenticeship to journalism in the office of the *Scotsman*, he became editor of the *Manchester Guardian* in 1872 when he was twenty-six. For nearly sixty years, almost to the day of his death, he remained in control, adding a generation ago the position of chief proprietor to that of editor. He found the *Manchester Guardian* an undistinguished provincial morning paper; he left it, if not the greatest newspaper in the world, at least the most universally esteemed and influential organ of opinion and the most authoritative voice of the Liberal idea in the world.

IT was a personal achievement on a scale that has had only one parallel in

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the history of modern journalism, and it is the contrast of the influence of C. P. Scott upon the English press with that of the late Lord Northcliffe that seems most deserving of attention now that both these remarkable men have passed away. Scott's career overlapped that of Northcliffe at both ends. He had begun his editorship of the *Manchester Guardian* when Alfred Harmsworth was barely out of the cradle, and he lived to direct his famous newspaper with undiminished vigor for years after Northcliffe's tumultuous and meteoric career had closed. It is in his attitude to the revolution which Northcliffe wrought in the world of journalism that Scott may be said to have made his most important contribution to the public life of the country.

That revolution was in a sense inevitable. English journalism had, at the end of the nineteenth century, reached a stage in which some sweeping change was imminent. It had remained essentially what it had been for more than a century—the vehicle of the thought, the interests and temper of the leisured and educated middle class, relatively small in numbers but great in influence. Its appeal was sober and restrained, its methods grave and unadventurous, its spirit dignified even to dullness. The great change which had come over the face of English society in the preceding quarter of a century found little reflection in its character or appeal. That change began with the Education Act of 1870, and developed with the consolidation of the trade-union movement and the extension of the franchise which transferred political power from the few to the many. The centre of gravity in the nation had shifted from the middle class to the democracy, which had become possessed, not only of the rudiments of education, but also of a powerful industrial organization and almost complete political enfranchisement. But the press took little account of the transition. The penny standard still prevailed, and the press still addressed itself in the old way to the old limited public. The democracy had taken possession of the seats of the mighty, but the journalists seemed unaware of the fact.

It was an unrivaled moment for an adventurer. A new kingdom of immense potentialities was calling for a king. In 1895 the claimant appeared in the person of Alfred Harmsworth. He was a young man, still on the right side of thirty, who had already discovered the vast possibilities opened up by a generation of universal education. He was not the first in the field. Cassells had tried to exploit those possibilities, but their standard was too high and too educational for complete triumph. The true path had been struck by Mr. George Newnes, with *Tit-Bits;* and young Master Harmsworth, a youth of eighteen or so, with his quick eye for what the public wanted and his adventurous intrepidity, plunged into the same path with *Answers*, the prolific parent of a host of weekly journals of the *Comic Cuts*, the *Funny Wonder*, and the *Sunday Companion* type.

His success was unprecedented. He had imitators, but no one approached his sure instinct for the hunger of the rudimentary mind for information about the unimportant, for entertainment, and for cheap sentiment. He had taken the measure of the man in the street, for he himself was the man in the street, with his eager interest in the moment, his passion for sensation, his indifference to ideas, his waywardness, and his dislike of abstract thought. His energy of mind was astonishing, his ambition limitless, his vision for the material possibilities of things swift and amazingly sure. No grass grew under his feet and no scruples or principles impeded his path. The one touchstone he applied to men and things was the

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touchstone of success, and moral purpose in any shape was divorced from his extraordinary genius for business. That genius rapidly passed to a new plane of activity with his purchase of the *Evening News*. At his Midas touch that moribund journal leaped into life, and out of it sprang the greatest achievement of his dazzling career.

There has been nothing in the story of English journalism comparable with the apparition of the *Daily Mail*. It found vacant a vast territory which it proceeded to occupy with an efficiency and completeness that left little room for competition. It applied to the sphere of daily journalism the discovery that Alfred Harmsworth had made in the weekly press—namely, that what the democracy wanted was not instruction, but amusement and thrills. The press had been serious and responsible, respectful to the past and its traditions, cautious about consequences, suspicious about anything that savored of sensation. And in consequence it had left the democracy cold and aloof. Alfred Harmsworth repudiated all these conventions. He adopted sensationalism as his gospel. Every day must have its thrill, every paragraph must be an electric shock, every issue must be as full of 'turns' as a music-hall programme. 'What's wrong with the shop window?' was his formula when the paper displeased him; and the formula contained the whole of his newspaper philosophy. His shop window must be the talk of the town; woe to the window dresser who put in the quiet grays and left out the brilliant trifles! Policies were nothing, parties were nothing, principles were nothing. All that mattered was that the great public should be kept humming with excitement. There was always war in the air and some enemy against whom to arouse passion. Sometimes it was the Boers, sometimes it was the French, whom we would 'roll in mud and blood' and whose colonies we would give to Germany. Sometimes it was the Irish; later it was the Germans. It did not matter whom, for Harmsworth had no rooted antipathies. He merely seized the handiest instrument for his purpose. If there came a lull in affairs and the public mind wanted rest and an idyllic interlude, then who so ready with his anodynes? He would set all the nation growing sweet peas; he would make it seethe with mild interest over the discovery that it was dying from eating white bread, and that if it would save itself it must start eating brown bread. But these were only the *entr'actes* of the great drama. War was the permanent theme, and out of the Boer War the *Daily Mail* emerged with an influence that was unrivaled. People laughed and scoffed, but they read it and insensibly were governed by it.

THE unprecedented success of the paper naturally reacted on the press generally. Before this tornado the old tradition withered away. The circulation which had satisfied the newspapers of the past seemed trivial beside the unparalleled sale of the newcomer, and in the competition of newspapers, as in the competition of the battlefield, it is numbers that count. It was mere obscurantism to assume that the appeal to the few and select was the important thing. Power and political influence had passed to the multitude, and it was the paper which had the ear of the multitude that was able to control the tides of national thought. Moreover, the advertiser was with the big battalions, and the resources with which he endowed the new venture enabled it to devote to its news service an expenditure with which its rivals could not compete. Add to this a genius untrammeled by any respect for the past, for parties, or for scruples, and the nature of the convulsion which had overtaken

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the press world will be readily understood.

In the struggle to survive, some of the newspapers adopted the form and spirit of the *Daily Mail* without reserve; others adopted the form and attempted to adapt their tradition to the new conditions. All felt the revolution in some measure. Even the *Times* fell under the sway of the young Alexander, and for a season accommodated its traditional decorum to the levities of the new journalism. Max Beerbohm in one of his cartoons represented Lord Northcliffe standing, with agonized face and outstretched arms, in the midst of a group of grave and bearded old gentlemen of the *Times*, who were rushing eagerly forward as if to save him from falling, while from his lips came the cry, 'Hold me! I feel the demon of sensationalism descending upon me.' The effects of the revolution upon the standards of the press were devastating. There had been no tradition of journalism more sacred than that of the impartiality of the news columns. Editorial opinion was confined to the leader columns and news had to be unbiased and uncolored. The new journalism ignored this wholesome tradition. The leader ceased to be a serious argument addressed to the reason of the public, and opinion and propaganda permeated the news. Northcliffe had a favorite saying that 'The power of the press is to suppress,' and he exercised that power ruthlessly. News became the medium for moulding opinion, and it was given prominence or suppressed according to whether it served or did not serve the purpose in view. His test of the success of a newspaper was a purely material one. When a friend of mine, one of the most distinguished of living journalists, visited him in a time of crisis in order to persuade him that his newspapers were taking the wrong line, his answer was to call for his circulation ledgers and to show the favorable effect that his policy had had upon the sale of his journals.

IT was not only the methods of journalism that were transformed by the irruption of Alfred Harmsworth into Fleet Street. The whole structure of the journalistic system of the country was transformed also, not merely in the metropolis, but in the provinces. The main feature of that structure had been the independent daily newspaper owned by a single proprietor or group of proprietors and exercising influence over a certain well-defined area. It had its roots deep in the past and was in a very real sense an indigenous growth, expressing the life, interests, and spirit of the community it served. By comparison with the modern popular newspaper, its circulation was small, even contemptible. Only two London newspapers had a sale much exceeding 100,000 a day, and in the provinces, even in great cities like Birmingham or Glasgow, a circulation of 50,000 was rare, while in the smaller towns possessing morning newspapers the figure was often nearer 10,000 and 20,000. Advertising on the modern scale was unknown, and the newspapers relied mainly on their local revenue. Their income was small, but they lived—often two or even three of them in one city—discreetly and economically. They were an important institution of the local life, and their standard of service, if somewhat dull according to present taste, was serious and responsible. Their main business was the accurate presentation of news, and their political point of view was confined to their leading columns. They indulged in no levities, and were ignorant of the circulation-raising expedients so common in these days.

Upon this structure the impact of the journalism initiated by Northcliffe fell

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with devastating consequences. The local paper withered before the competition of a journal which was at once cheaper and more entertaining, had command of vast financial resources, and was able, through the development of newspaper trains and duplicate printing in remote centres, to reach the breakfast table in any part of the country as soon as the locally printed paper. The power of the new invader was increased by the enormous growth of general advertising and the extent to which his command of great national circulations enabled him to canalize that advertising into his own channels at prices which left the modest local newspaper gasping. It was, of course, this monopoly of advertising which was the goal in view. Great circulations in themselves do not pay. If sales were the only source of revenue, no newspaper could exist, for the income from sales does not much more than cover the cost of raw materials. It is the advertiser who makes the newspaper profitable, and the object of great circulations is to command from the advertiser the highest possible price for the space he buys. The newspaper with a vast circulation loses heavily on the swings, but it gains more on the roundabouts. It was this conception of the commercial possibilities of journalism and his translation of the conception into realities that is the outstanding achievement of Northcliffe. From it sprang the mass production of journalism and the decadence of the independent press. There is only a certain amount of advertising available, and the more it is absorbed by the great circulations, the less there is for the small. The result is the aggregation of the popular press in few and fewer hands, until to-day it approaches the character of a monopoly. It would not be an exaggeration to say that half a dozen men, representing two or three great syndicates, have access to most of the homes in the country. Where Lord Rothermere is not, there is Lord Camrose; and where neither is, there is Lord Beaverbrook. In London the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, and the *News-Chronicle* still preserve their independence of the all-powerful groups, and the *Daily Herald* as the organ of Labor is also independent. In the provinces it is only here and there that there is a survivor of the independently owned and independently edited type of morning newspaper which a generation ago was the commonplace of British journalism.

BY the universal acclaim, not merely of the public, but of the journalistic profession, the *Manchester Guardian* is the most famous of these, and it is because it owes its distinction to C. P. Scott that the death of that remarkable man has been the subject of such world-wide attention. He was the representative man of the old journalistic tradition as Northcliffe was the representative man of the new. By representative I do not mean that he was not unusual, any more than that Northcliffe was not unusual. Both were extraordinary. But both were representative in the sense that they embodied an ideal of their calling at its maximum. It would be no extravagance to say of Scott, as Wordsworth, with perfect propriety, said of himself, that he was 'a dedicated spirit.' He brought to the task of journalism a high gravity that gave to his paper a severe, even slightly ecclesiastical, air. One was tempted to say at times that no institution could be quite so morally impeccable as the *Manchester Guardian* seemed; but one said it under one's breath and was ashamed of having said it even so. It was not that Scott was indifferent to the business aspect of journalism. The remarkable and sustained commercial success his paper

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achieved under his administration was evidence of that. But business success was only a means to an end. He saw that journalism was not merely a business, in the sense that brewing or tailoring or soap-making is a business. As the by-product of its business activities it had a profound influence upon the public mind. It was the chief instrument in the formation of public opinion, and it was this fact that distinguished it from all other forms of business, and imposed on the journalist a very special responsibility. He dwelt upon this dual basis of journalism in his speech on the occasion of the presentation of his bust to the city of Manchester in celebration of his eightieth birthday.

> A newspaper has two sides to it. On the one hand, it is a business like any other business, carried on for profit and depending on profit for prosperity or existence. On the other hand, it may be described as a public-utility service, a service which may be performed well or ill, but which, on the whole, is essential to the interests of the public. These two elements in the life and purpose of a newspaper are not always in accord; they may even violently conflict. Yet on their harmony the character and usefulness of a newspaper must depend.

There was no question in his mind which consideration had to yield to the other to secure that harmony. When large issues were at stake, and what he held to be the cause of truth and justice was in one scale and business advantage was in the other, he never hesitated. He was so frequently on the unpopular side that it might have been supposed he preferred it so, and that he had a perverse love of opposing the general current. That was not the case. It is true that he distrusted the general current, had little sympathy with emotional impulses, and adopted a detached and skeptical attitude to affairs. His feelings were always under the governance of the intellect. But he had no passion for conflict for the sake of conflict, and was never happier than when the victory of reason over prejudice was won. He took great business risks, not under the spur of emotion, but with calculating firmness and with full appreciation of the possibly unpleasant consequences. The result at the time was often what he had feared. That was especially the case in regard to the Boer War, when he threw the whole weight of his journal into antagonism to the popular current, and when the war passion ran so violently against him that both his house and his office needed at times the protection of the police. In that, as in most cases in which he took the unpopular side, he lived to see the wisdom of his policy affirmed, and the authority of his paper by that fact strengthened. Indeed, the most decisive stride in its influence sprang from his courageous decision to support Gladstone in the Home Rule split of 1886, when most of the Liberals had left their leader and when public opinion was overwhelmingly against him. Up to that time the *Manchester Guardian* had been true to its Whig tradition, but thenceforward it was always in the vanguard of the battle. It might be said of Scott, as was said of Ripon, that he was always in favor of the most advanced thing of the moment, and this was never more true of him than in his later years. His eyes grew dim, but his spirit never lost its eager quest for new kingdoms of the human mind and wider horizons for human liberty. His influence was not measured by circulation figures, but by his appeal to all the best minds of his time all over the world, and especially by the weight of his authority with public men of all parties and with the best elements of journalism in every country. No man was read more studiously by those who disagreed with him than he was.

IT was a tribute to the inflexible honesty of his opinions and the dis-

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interested public spirit that inspired them. It was a tribute also to the technical excellence of the paper. No better written newspaper was published in the language, and it bore the signature of Scott in all its departments, for he had an extraordinary gift of impressing his own enlightened and rational processes of thought and expression upon others. He was careful to catch his journalists young—if they had the flavor of Oxford so much the better—and he would stalk a promising undergraduate for a year. In this way he created the most remarkable school of journalism this country has seen. To have worked for Scott was a certificate in journalism equivalent to a first in Greats in the scholastic world. Half the distinguished writers in English journalism during the last half century were licked into shape under the stern and discriminating eye of this martinet of the newspaper world. He would have nothing slipshod or garish. Rhetoric he disliked and emotion he discounted. High thinking must be expressed in plain, unadorned language, and the appeal must always be to the reason rather than to the feelings. The air was a little cold, but it was always dry, pure, and stimulating. Occasionally, of course, a mettlesome steed like C. E. Montague would prance and curvet, and Scott would observe it with an aloof tolerance; but his ideal was men of the type of Leonard Hobhouse who drove straight to the mark in clean, direct, unimpeded English.

Finally, it was a tribute to Scott's incorruptible standard in regard to the presentation of news. On this subject, the most crucial of all affecting the prestige of the press, he said the wisest words that have been uttered—words which Mr. Baldwin quoted at the Newspaper Society's dinner:—

> Fundamentally it [the conduct of a newspaper] implies honesty, cleanness, courage, fairness, and a sense of duty to the reader and the community. The newspaper is of necessity something of a monopoly, and its first duty is to shun the temptations of a monopoly. Its primary office is the gathering of news. At the peril of its soul it must see that the supply is not tainted. Neither in what it gives, nor in what it does not give, nor in the mode of presentation, must the unclouded face of truth suffer wrong. Comment is free, but facts are sacred. Propaganda, so called, by this means is hateful. The voice of opponents, no less than that of friends, has a right to be heard. Comment is also justly subject to a self-imposed restraint. It is well to be frank; it is even better to be fair.

These are, indeed, as Mr. Baldwin said, 'noble words.' They ought to be inscribed in the minds and hearts of all journalists who respect their calling, and in the mind of the public as the acid test of whether that calling is being honored or dishonored. They embody better than anything else can do that high sense of the journalist's duty to the public of which Scott's long and splendid career is the witness. And they explain that fear which haunted him of the influence of the syndicate's monopoly in journalism, with its power of propaganda and suggestion through the manipulation of the news. I cannot close better than with his own moving words at Manchester on this great theme:—

> There are papers which will never be sold—which would rather suffer extinction. And it is well that it should be so. The public has its rights. The paper which has grown up in a great community, nourished by its resources, reflecting in a thousand ways its spirit and its interests, in a real sense belongs to it. How else except in the permanence of that association can it fulfill its duty or repay the benefits and the confidence it has received?

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The decline of Remarque and the rise of Spengler sum up the present situation in German literature, which is being revolutionized by the same forces that now affect the nation's politics.

Germany's *Literary* Revenge

By André Levinson

Translated from *Je Suis Partout*
Paris Topical Weekly

FACED with a violent upheaval in German opinion, the French public may justly ask whether the 'other Germany,' which is supposed to advocate humanity and fraternity toward all nations, is not a mirage or even an artificial creation designed to mislead credulous people. But to suppose such a thing would be to insult many noble spirits who are fighting independently for the cause of peace, as well as several who do not deny their friendship for France. Stefan Zweig recently issued a generous manifesto proclaiming that thinkers and writers should be entrusted with the task of saving civilization if the worst comes to the worst. But before this admirable poet of unreasoned confusion and paroxysm can win a hearing for his supreme appeal to reason, as the ponderous Thomas Mann calls it, passions must rise so high that they almost submerge the few peaks that stand above the fury of the elements. There does exist another Germany beside the eternal Germany, but the spiritual territory that this other Germany dominates is growing smaller every day and becoming more and more like the principality of Monaco or the republic of San Marino.

The only German authors whom we know in translation are those who condemn war, and they address themselves to a minority that is chiefly of foreign origin. The most famous of them, Remarque, whose book sold a million copies, would not find so many readers to-day. In fact, such writers may have to leave the country, for a nation that stresses racial purity will repudiate them, will subject them to public prosecution, and will even menace their persons. Where will such writers turn? It will have to be toward Moscow, because everything that is not black in German literature is red. Orthodox Communists or dissenters who accompany them on their way, men like Ernst Glaeser, Ernst Johannsen, Ludwig Renn, and Kurt Tucholsky, the editor of the weekly *Weltbühne*, are militant spirits who, having proclaimed

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their regrets at the failure of the war and the revolution, now advocate a Bolshevik dictatorship. Liberal thought is flanked by two extremes and it is moving forward at a snail's pace. Lion Feuchtwanger blindly took the wrong path when he wrote *Success*, a chronicle of 1923 that tried to ridicule the Hitler movement out of existence. For the publication of his novel coincided to the day with the 'black Sunday' of the 1930 elections. Republican writers, being the constant targets of nationalist attacks, must give evidence of patriotism, and their attitude toward France is therefore one of embarrassment and even of equivocation.

Friedrich Sieburg's famous book, *Gott in Frankreich*, is a funeral oration for France, which he describes as a charming anachronism destined to disappear. He comes to the conclusion that France, being an obstacle to progress, must renounce its essential qualities and sacrifice its static nature to the dynamic nature of Germany. Would this mean peace? Hardly, because, as Sieburg remarks, 'it is impossible to arrive at a Franco-German synthesis,' though you will search for these words in vain in the French translation of his book. The celebrated Emil Ludwig, an adept reporter who travels from Moscow to Paris, has urged his compatriots to fight relentlessly against the Versailles Treaty. The only author who recognizes France as a living, harmonious unity with a right to remain itself is Ernst Robert Curtius, who has written a marvelously lucid account of French civilization. This weak, undecided contingent is the only group that is ready to interpose itself between France and a sudden German attack.

MEANWHILE, a writer has appeared across the Rhine who attacks these mediators and denies them any right to speak in the name of Germany. That man is Forst de Battaglia, who has written a book with a title taken from Schiller, *The Fight with the Dragon*. He attempts to crush in one fell blow the false gods and false values associated with such names as Ernst Glaeser, Emil Ludwig, Alfred Döblin, Erich Remarque, and even Stefan Zweig and Count Keyserling. In opposition to these men he preaches a cultural revolution which, in the words of Werner Deubel, 'can come only from Germany, that is, from German youth,' those young people of whom Sieburg has said, 'The impetuous soul loves to expand until it embraces the whole.' Messianism, imperialism, limitless expansion, domination by violence, these are the themes of this 'revolution of the conservative spirit' which is arousing feverish energies, offering a new direction for the German sense of disorder to follow, renewing and strengthening the sources of the same Pan-German mysticism that inspired the attack of 1914. The only difference is that the previous state of effervescence was channeled and disciplined by the Hohenzollern Emperor, whereas the Third Reich is now being supported by the wildest zealots. To borrow a phrase from Mussolini, 'The temperature of the nation has been raised to the boiling point.'

Has the economic crisis had a part in this? Perhaps, but the essential point of these brief observations of mine is that the material factor was not the decisive one in Hitler's triumph and that unemployment is not responsible for having ranged a horde of hungry, degraded men under the swastika cross. Hitlerism is an idealistic movement with a philosophy of its own. It has attracted the support of many superior people of a fanatical type, and at the same time it has electrified crowds with its demagogic powers of suggestion. A whole literature is coming to life, only one example of which has penetrated France, *Storms of Steel*, by Ernst Junger, the

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fighter who wants to 'put things in order' and who celebrates the arrival of a new race of supermen. It is such literature as this that is supporting and developing National Socialist doctrines.

Hitlerism is a movement of ideas with a dogma of its own. It has its metaphysics, its sociological and its ethnological theories, and it bases its claims to supremacy on the blond Aryan race of Vikings. Its experts separate the wheat from the chaff and consign inferior races to slavery. One cannot help remembering the denial written by Charles Maurras in 1915 of the fable propagated by Henri Bergson, who asserted that the Pan-German nationalists had no moral ideas. Maurras wrote at that time: 'Pan-German idealism has roots that run too deep into ancient German philosophy to be treated as a simple matter.' These words apply strictly to the false ideas of which Hitler is the protagonist. His moral genealogy runs through Nietzsche and Richard Wagner back to Fichte. It has culminated in the theories of Oswald Spengler, who has erected for the coming Cæsar, whose name will be Adolf, a grandiose pedestal known as *The Decline of the West.* This book advocates with arrogance and conceit the wildest kind of personal and ethnic individualism. Its combative stoicism flourishes on *Schadenfreude*, that malicious joy of the vanquished as he witnesses a whole civilization collapsing and burying the victor in its ruins.

Spengler has inspired that eloquent and carefully documented combination of apocalypse and statistical manual, *The End of Capitalism*, by Ferdinand Fried. A magazine entitled *Die Tat* depicts decomposition in sensational fashion and announces that both capitalist society and Marxism are dead. This review is published by the illustrious house of Eugen Diederichs in Jena, which is the repository of the highest and most sacred traditions of German intellectuality, romanticism, mythology, epic poetry, and mysticism. Other groups start out with the same premises, and Moeller van den Bruck is rehabilitating the Prussian style in a book that is to be called *The Revolution of the Conservative Spirit.* Deubel proclaims the failure of Europeanism, in other words, humanity, progress, reasonable reason, and repudiates Christianity and Greco-Latin antiquity because they have falsified the original culture of Germany.

The most terrible criticisms leveled at Germany during the War by her foes are now hailed by an 'awakened' Germany as titles of honor. French publicists branded the German people as 'a nation of prey.' Now Spengler asserts that man is a beast of prey, not an herbivorous animal, and that this is what makes his destiny noble. That the War of 1914, which according to Spengler is still going on, was waged by liberal democracy against German rule is something that Ernst Junger proclaims rather than denies, and, if Germany happened to lose this war, it was because she had been contaminated on the surface by this deleterious principle of liberal democracy, which is foreign to her genius. And this spokesman for the active war veterans advocates the total mobilization of Germany in the spiritual sense as well as in the material sense.

WHAT are the literary forms, methods, and purposes of this party of revenge? Its tactics depend on the movements of its adversaries. Every time a book appears that preaches no more war some counter blast is forthcoming. Ernst Johannsen's *Four of the Infantry*, a tragic requiem for those who fell in vain,—for it is the pity of useless sacrifice and of a lost war that is stressed in all this pacifist literature,

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—was at once answered by *We of the Infantry*, a work whose title was supposed to be confusing, since '*vier*' meaning 'four' and '*wir*' meaning 'we' sound almost exactly the same. The latter book exalts the comforting solidarity of those who were fighting and the good moments that they enjoyed in spite of everything and the moral qualities engendered by battle.

A publishing house connected with the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which is a cultivated, liberal, bourgeois organ, began to make propaganda against the horrors of war by publishing some hundreds of authentic photographs of the western front. Immediately a nationalist editor brought out a big collection of photographs, *The Aspect of the World War*, with comments by Junger. This book showed the War as something terrible, of course, but lovely none the less and even poetic. Did it proclaim the War as something fresh and joyful? No, it did not go in for frivolous optimism. The War was a great and serious business whose necessity and grandeur have only now appeared in their true light. There was no attempt to conceal from the reader the suffering that made the War a heavy act of responsibility, but the book claimed that in appealing to man's sense of horror in the presence of suffering one is not addressing one's self to his truly moral qualities. Thus the prodigious effort and the useless martyrdom of the last war make the patriot feel hopeful and provide him with fresh sources of energy.

At the same time, zoölogic nationalism—and this term is not an insult because man is a beast of prey and the race has been substituted for the nation—has been copiously ridiculed and has therefore tried to defend itself in various pamphlets. A book entitled *The Case of Emil Ludwig* tries to ruin him as a political adversary by enumerating the mistakes that he has made as a historian. As for the author of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, he, too, has been attacked in a fat volume entitled *Did Remarque Exist?* which calls this war-like pacifist or pacific warrior to account and pitilessly examines his public and private life. But there is more emphasis than humor in this sombre enthusiasm of revenge.

The style of Arnolt Bronnen is extolled, a novelist who used to belong to the extreme left and who went through a crisis of erotic delirium during the expressionist period. His book, *O. S.* (the German abbreviation for Upper Silesia), airs the grievances of the lost provinces and exalts the secret organizations which are repelling Polish influences but which are paralyzed by the German Republic's policy of execution, which the author despises. A Communist worker, transfigured by contact with national realities, symbolizes the heroic spirit of resistance. His death will not have been in vain and his will must prevail, since it was filled with the wind of victories to come.

A new book by the same author, ranging from interviews to popular songs, has as its hero the famous Captain Rossbach, a conspirator and member of the black Reichswehr who fought in Riga, the Ruhr, and the Palatinate, continuing to make war on his own account and mixing himself up in every attempt at a *coup d'état*. Here is a curious detail. This same Rossbach supervised the celebrated patriotic film, *Fredericus Rex*, and this little book about him with its aggressive, prophetic, martial tone makes a kind of music. It defines the mysticism of the German Fatherland and the Messianic qualities of salutary violence. The author has proclaimed through Rossbach, through his biography of this lay saint in spurs and steel helmet, a new morality that paraphrases Bismarck's maxim and places honor above law. In order that Rossbach's eastward

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march may be accomplished until Germany and Russia have a common frontier, Germany must combine the four theological virtues proclaimed by Junger, and must become national, social, authoritative, and combative. Only then will the power of the secret Germany, which has been misunderstood by Germans and doubted by foreigners, appear.

THE same spirit animates that terrible and pathetic confession, *The Outlaws*, signed by one of Rathenau's murderers. It is sinister and obscure, an infamous epic of the last phase of the German Waterloo, the Black Terror. All these fanatics fight against what is just, because the moral grandeur of justice might be able to shore up a shattered world and defeat the reactionary, nationalist revolution that is throwing its weight against international revolution. This thirty-year-old veteran, who also executed some of the Rhineland Separatists, borrowed these words of his noble victim, Rathenau, as the epigraph of his book: 'The act never defiles; one is dishonored only through accepting submission.' The doctrine proclaimed in Ernst von Salomon's story is a familiar one. It proclaims the preëminence of honor over justice. It demands a rupture with the west and a clear path to prepare for the resurrection of German power.

That the abrogation of the Versailles Treaty and the reëstablishment of the frontiers as they were in 1914 could give satisfaction to the activists is contradicted by moral reality. This is proved in a splendid book by Hans Grimm, a former colonial officer and a man of action who has ripened with the years. Its title is eloquent, *People without Room*. He reduces the German problem to the elementary fact of disparity between population and territory. He tells the story, in 1,300 pages, of a young German from the Weser district who left home because he inherited so little land and tried to establish himself in Africa, from which he was expelled by the War. From time immemorial, ever since Charlemagne reduced the Saxons, the ancestors of this author, to slavery, enemy coalitions have confined the German race to its prison and refused it a place in the sun. This crime of *lèse-humanité* can be repaired only by a new division of the world in accordance with numbers and values.

Why be surprised, then, that a writer who champions integral imperialism and is infused with the idea of the divine right of the chosen nation violently attacks France as a negrified nation that should be excluded from the community of the white race? The epic cycle of a nation on the march written by Josef Ponten is a study of German anxiety as well as of German desire for limitless expansion. The first episode, *Volga, Volga*, depicts the migration of German peasants who were summoned by Catherine the Great to colonize the steppes of Russia. In this retrospective view of German destiny he reproaches Frederick the Great for having misunderstood his true rôle and exhausted himself quarreling with Austria instead of drawing up on the eastern marches, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the Vistula to the Balkans, a cordon of German colonies which would have been advance posts on the road to Asia and would, above all, have expanded German territory.

I have cited only a few typical examples from any quantity of tracts and treatises, novels and poems. All these are emanations of a state of mind, symptoms of a crisis of conscience. Such writings teach us what the young men, and, indeed, their elders, too, are dreaming of in Germany.

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André Maurois expounds his theories of the novel in relation to his latest work, *The Family Circle*, which has been hailed in France as his best book.

An Hour *with* André Maurois

By Frédéric Lefèvre

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*
Paris Literary Weekly

'YOU'VE just given us a novel, Maurois,' I said, 'that seems to be the most important book you have written. If I had a single reproach to make it would be that you have perhaps tried to put too many things into a single work. But that is a likable fault. I should be delighted if you would explain this book from the inside for our readers. But, first of all, I should like to know what significance you attach to your title, *The Family Circle*. Just what do you mean by it?'

'At first I chose another title,' Maurois replied, '*Unto the Third Generation*. Its meaning was clear, for it was taken from the Biblical text, "For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." I quickly recognized that such a title was too long and I sought for a better one. I wanted to express the idea that the same passions come into existence at the same stages of life. I wanted to create an image of undulation, of successive, monotonous waves. Then I remembered a line of Victor Hugo's, "*Lorsque l'enfant paraît le cercle de famille*," and it seemed to me that I had hit upon my title at last. The beautiful symbol of the circle expressed the idea of renovation and the contrast between the severe childhood of my heroine and the agreeable images evoked by Hugo's poem formed the tragic contrast that I sought for from the very first.'

'So much for the general meaning of your title, but I wish you would go into more detail. Yesterday I made some young ladies read this novel and when they had finished it they asked what Maurois wanted to express, what his thesis was.'

'The truth is, my dear Lefèvre, and I know you will agree with me on this point, that when I begin a novel I never am trying to prove anything. I have no thesis. I do not believe that a work of art can be built on intellectual concepts. The novelist wants to paint certain characters, that's all. The author himself learns only slowly whether these characters are right or wrong and what the secret motives of their actions are.

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I wanted my heroine at the end of the book to be a mysterious, complex character, like so many people whom we meet in real life. I should be very happy if some people liked her and others detested her. She does n't even know herself very well. In several passages you see her asking, "Is it pride that makes me act this way, or is it courage?" In my opinion, asking a novelist what idea he wants to express is a little like asking a portrait painter what he wanted to prove in trying to achieve a person's likeness.'

'You mean that one of the most pleasing qualities in a novel is that it should retain the mystery of real life. Nevertheless, I repeat my question because, though I agree with you that the novelist should not have any preconceived ideas or doctrine to maintain when he begins his book, he should, when he has finished it, when he can look back on it from the outside, be able to discover in it a meaning that was long concealed even from him. It is this kind of meditation on the part of the author regarding his finished work that I ask you to reveal to me.'

'I can answer your question in that form. First of all, I see, as I just said, the conflict of generations, the eternal recurrence. Denise, who despises her mother's life, begins leading the same life all over again, and treats her daughter just as she herself was treated. I like subjects that can illuminate both sides of a conflict equally. In this particular case, I wanted first of all to reveal the girl's point of view, then, changing my perspective, to show a wholly different side of the mother, a more human, loving, lovable side, and, finally, I wanted to reveal how a character can be deformed by a childhood experience. Do you remember the passage in which Denise Holmann explains her own situation: "I have been a warped instrument since childhood. Shall I ever escape this interior oscillation? I feel like a spring which some shock has set vibrating and which never stops"? That is still another of my subjects.

'The third important element is the history of this woman's real adaptation to reality. I have just been reading "Alain's" book on Hegel and I found in it a passage that might have served as the epigraph of my novel: "The first conscience is a sick conscience. The adolescent is someone who blames, grows indignant, despises. The remedy is outside, in the world that must be recognized and handled." "The remedy is outside"—that is the essential phrase. I bring my book to an end the moment that Denise Holmann is able to find salvation because for the first time in her life she has discovered, by looking outside, the real world and not the image of the family circle, which was completely subjective and which she detested, an image that she had sheltered inside herself and that had poisoned her for thirty years.'

'In short, the end of your book conforms to the doctrines of Freud and his disciples. It is the case of a sick person who is delivered from her complex because she has finally consented to look it in the face.'

'Yes, if you like, but I have taken good care not to talk about psychoanalysis or use technical language. There is no need of being didactic in a novel. The image alone should have significance.'

'You have also refrained from describing the sensual life of your characters as D. H. Lawrence did. In principle I approve, but I confess that in two or three passages I should like to have had a little more of that kind of thing. When Denise Holmann took a lover one would like to know what the nature of her sensuality was. This woman had been virtuous for four years. She had the

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greatest esteem for her husband. Certainly, in her sudden fall, her physiological mechanism must have played some part. But you say almost nothing about it.'

'True, but I do not ignore the profound interest of these questions any more than you and Lawrence and Freud do. I believe that the influence of the sensual life on the spiritual life is immense. But I was led to writing novels by "Alain," who made me take as my models Balzac and Stendhal. Now Stendhal, though a bold novelist, is always chaste. He suggests but does not describe the gestures of love. Reread "Alain's" *Système des beaux-arts* and you will find in it profound ideas, the chief of which is that the æsthetic emotion is offended when violent physical desire is aroused by too precise descriptions. But that is a big subject. I feel quite incapable of treating it offhand. The opposite thesis has been brilliantly outlined by Malraux in his preface to *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.'

'Literary historians of the future will be able to write a fine thesis on "Alain's" influence. The other day Pierre Bost kept mentioning "Alain" when he was talking to me. Now that I enter your house I find his new book on your table and it is already full of notes. But let us get back to our subject. All I should like to get is a kind of spiritual biography of your book. Where and when did the idea come to you? What difficulties did you encounter? What was the memory or the vision that gave your imagination its first impulse?'

'Don't you think it is very dangerous for a writer to analyze too precisely how he goes about working, since such things should always be a little mysterious even to him, and don't you think it is dangerous, too, for the reader to learn that the character that is handed over to him as a complete being hesitated for a long time between many different destinies?'

'Not at all. For the reader this is very interesting. As for the writer, you know as well as I do that we are not ignorant of the initial shock, of the moment of impregnation, that determines the development of the embryo. In the case of *Madame Bovary* it was a phrase of Louis Bouilhet's, "You ought to write the history of Delamarre." In the case of *Le Rouge et le noir* it was the trial of the seminarist Berthet. In the case of *L'Education sentimentale* it was the memory of Madame Schlesinger. No, the best novelists have never hesitated to describe how their work came into being. More recently we have had André Gide's *Journal des faux-monnayeurs*.'

'Yet it seems to me that it is always difficult for a novelist to say what was the exact moment when he began to think about a certain book. He went through some shock, of course, a kind of impregnation, but this shock would have produced no effect if the need to express certain sentiments had not previously existed in his mind. In the particular case of *The Family Circle*, since you ask me for my confession, the process was more or less as follows:—

'Many women have told me about their childhood and adolescence and I have always been very much struck by the frequent conflicts, often unavowed and repressed, between mother and daughter. But all these stories were told me in an abstract form that set an intellectual, not a sentimental, mechanism in motion. Then one day a girl described the scene that forms the first episode in my novel, and when I heard it I thought, "My book is finished." Was this because the story had been well told? Was it because it was very concrete and awoke childhood memories of my own? I don't know, but from that moment on I felt that my character was born.'

'That is exactly what I wanted to know. And from that moment on was the development continuous? Did you

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make a girl out of this suddenly discovered child and then a woman, or did you find some difficulty in constructing your story?'

'You know as well as I do, my dear friend, since you are a novelist yourself, that one cannot construct a complete story in one's mind before writing it. One obeys a certain inner necessity arising from what one has already written. In other words, the work determines itself. For instance, you remember that Denise as a young girl becomes the mistress of Jacques Pelletot? Well, I did n't want this to happen. It was n't necessary and it displeased me, but I could n't help it.

'Here is another instance. I do not know if you remember the descriptions of brain fever that formed the end of the second part. After having written them I spoke about them to a friend who was following my work. He advised me to take them out. "How," he said, "can a woman who did not hesitate to take a lover at the age of eighteen then go mad with shame and sorrow because she has taken another?" Perhaps he was right. In any case, his reasoning worried me for a long time, but, again, the intellect has no bearing on this type of work. My reason told me he was right, but my instinct told me he was wrong.'

'So you talk to friends about the novel you are working on? I know many novelists who would not for the world tell anything about the books they are writing to anybody. They would feel that they were interrupting a birth. Does n't that kind of thing bother you?'

'What can you say to people who live beside you when you are utterly occupied with a single thought? You talk to them about your novel because you are incapable of talking to them about anything else.'

'When you are writing a novel can you do any reading?'

'I can read, but only philosophy and essays. Above all, I constantly need to hear music. It is a curious phenomenon, but the musical form of a symphony or a sonata gives me a clue to the form my chapters should take. The opposition of two great themes in a symphony, their eclipse, their reëntry, their final union seem to the hearer like an intelligible debate. The little *mujik* in *Anna Karenina* who is identified in the opening pages with the idea of the train and who reappears at the moment of Anna's suicide is just like a musical theme. All poetry is rhythm, including the poetry of a novel.'

'You have mentioned one of my chief preoccupations, for, as you know, I am a strong believer in the importance of rhythm in any work of art. But before leaving your novel I should like to ask you one last question. Have you depicted real people who can be recognized in your third part about Paris? I frankly confess that I fear you have, and it pains me a little. Your Baroness Choin, for instance, is n't she a real person?'

'Not at all. Madame Choin is *the* mistress of a house. She is a synthesis. I defy anyone to identify her with one person without simultaneously identifying her with ten other real people. The same thing is true of my banker, Holmann. I have heard two or three readers trying to recognize in him bankers whose recent failures have made some stir, but I had none of them in mind or, rather, I was thinking of them all. But I don't need to develop that idea for you. Proust defended it far better than I could in the second volume of the *Temps retrouvé*.'

'Undoubtedly, yet this error will be made quite often in respect to the third part of your book, the reason being, I believe, that you made a mistake in depicting a period so close to us. For

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instance, you described the presidential election of 1931, which was going on while you were writing. Don't you think that transposition is difficult under the circumstances? You have your eye on the real thing. You don't see it so well as if ten years had passed. Many conversations that seem very interesting to-day because they have to do with matters that agitate and threaten us will have lost much of their interest twenty years hence.'

'Possibly, but one never knows. The political conversations in Flaubert's *L'Education sentimentale* have lost none of their interest. In Tolstoi, Lenin's projects to improve the lot of the peasants and the military discussion in *War and Peace* are still read. For my part, I do not see why, since I am painting contemporary characters, I should refrain from depicting the labors and worries of our time just as they are. No. I really don't regret having introduced political and economic preoccupations in this book. Friends have reproached me for depicting intelligent and cultivated people. They may be right, but I don't know. In my novels I like to meet the kind of people whom I like to live with.'

'I was speaking only of the question of dates. As far as the principle is concerned, I am not contradicting you. On the contrary, I have always expressed the desire to see our writers occupying themselves with the only serious questions of to-day, that is, with the future of our civilization, with the construction of a new Europe, and with the rôle of economic mysticism. Have you read what Stefan Zweig said to me on this subject?'

'I READ your conversation with him with particularly lively interest because I have great admiration and sympathy for Zweig. I completely approve of the position he took. Yes, the writer should try as best he can to understand his own time, to judge it in so far as he is able, and to have an influence on public opinion. How can he do this? Neither by action in the strict sense of the word, since he is almost always badly equipped to act, nor by political and verbal discussions, which have all the drawbacks of parliament without being able to fulfill their positive task, nor can anything be accomplished by collective manifestos. Thought is the most individual thing there is in this world. The man whose profession it is to devise texts and to adjust words and sentiments precisely —and it is an admirable profession— cannot look with anything but horror upon the idea of signing a manifesto written by a group. He is constrained by necessities that are beyond him, and he will never be able to render in this way the real services that can be expected of him.'

'This is just what Zweig said to me in a different form—"The writer is strong and precise only in so far as he writes at his own writing desk, in his own house, in his interior solitude, which is alone creative." But one can conceive of a kind of collaboration of intellectuals in the form of a written investigation.'

'Yes, certainly. Paul Valéry explained to me the other day a project that I believe he has suggested to the Institute of Intellectual Coöperation, and that seems to me excellent. It would be to have a public correspondence between certain great European spirits on subjects that trouble and divide us at the moment. For instance, Valéry would write a letter on some subject to Thomas Mann. Thomas Mann would reply, and the two letters would be handed to Gilbert Murray or H. G. Wells, who would explain the English point of view on the same thesis. It would be a return to the tradition of the seventeenth and eight-

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eenth centuries, when an intellectual society really existed. Books were published with comments from several illustrious men of the time and replies to their observations. There was a general European public. We should be taking a real step toward real peace if we could bring this kind of opinion to life again and make it conscious of its unity.'

'"Conscious of its unity"—that is an optimistic phrase. Do you really believe that the Europe of 1932, profoundly troubled as it is, still contains elements of unity?'

'I do. Above all I believe in Spinoza's words "that it is better to talk to man about his liberty than about his slavery." Man's task is difficult. Human institutions are imperfect and should be transformed. But, just the same, how many men and women of good will there are on this planet. I have made lecture tours and I am always struck by the quality of the people that one meets. One arrives in a little unknown mountain village. It seems to be at the ends of the earth, but not at all. An hour later we are all talking about the same books and finding that we like the same heroes. No, I do not despair of our civilization, but we must remain calm and try to understand and to rebuild. Valéry's *Regards sur le monde actuel*, Jean Richard Bloch's *Destin du siècle*—these are the stones of which the edifice should be built. Let us try to add some more.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

CRIMINAL ABORTION. *By L. A. Parry. London: Bale Sons and Danielsson. 1932. 10s. 6d.*

(Harry Roberts in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

WE owe a great debt to Mr. Justice McCardie for the series of shocks which, in recent weeks, he has administered to our complacency. He has stripped off some of that picturesque ivy which serves to conceal the cracks in the structure of our domesticity. The judicial pronouncement which has most deeply stirred the public mind is that to which he gave utterance at the Leeds Assizes, where, after advocating an active propaganda of contraceptive methods, he urged that 'the law of abortion should be amended. As it stands it does more harm than good.' Precise figures showing the prevalence of abortion in modern countries are not easy to come by, but the lowest estimate is about 10 per cent of all pregnancies. Mrs. Chance, in her recent book on *The Cost of English Morals*, says that 'it would probably be difficult to find a single uninstructed, poor, and fertile mother who has not made some crude and furtive attempt to get rid of an unborn child.' From my own fairly large experience, I have come to the conclusion that not less than 25 per cent of all women in this country, married and unmarried, have, at some time in their lives, procured or attempted to procure abortion. In Dr. Parry's very informative book on *Criminal Abortion*, just published, it is stated that in Germany, where the operation is still illegal, from half a million to a million abortions are performed each year.

To many people, the question involved in the legalization of abortion will seem a comparatively simple one, which may be stated thus. Through their ignorance of contraception, a very large number of women, married and single, become pregnant with children whose birth is neither desired nor desirable. Of these women, many will, at great risk to their own health and lives, as well as to their unborn children, furtively resort to noxious drugs or to unskilled instrumental interference, under circumstances in which the necessity for speed and privacy outweighs that for technical care and asepsis. Surely, it is argued, rather than allow this state of things to continue—for it cannot be suppressed—it were better to recognize the facts, however unpleasant and regrettable, and, by legalizing abortion if performed by skilled surgeons in properly equipped hospitals, avoid most of the hygienic, and many of the moral, evils attendant on the present situation.

The Roman Catholic position is equally clear. As stated by the late Catholic Bishop of Boston, it is 'that the destruction of the human fœtus in the womb of the mother, at any period from the first instant of conception, is a heinous crime, equal at least, in guilt, to that of murder. . . . He is a criminal, a murderer, who deals an exterminating blow to the incipient man, and drives back into nothingness a being to whom God designed to give a living body and an immortal soul.' Here we have a postulate which we may accept or repudiate, but which we can neither support nor defeat by argument.

Those fortunate people who are possessed of a religious faith that defines in detail the rights and the wrongs and the final purposes of human life are confronted with relatively small problems. They have but to observe the

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rules laid down for them, rules whose absoluteness of authority they do not dispute. For most of us, however, working hypotheses in moral science, as in the laboratory, can be but provisional. How nearly do they fit the needs of the body and mind of man? We have nothing but this pragmatic test whereby to judge, to measure, or to compare.

Faith, instinct, convention—these three. Where else can we look for any hint as to the destination or the purpose of our lives? Simple folk, unaccustomed to assume responsibility for their codes of conduct, often take it for granted that, as a director of human action, science has taken over the work of out-of-date religion. This, however, is a misconception. Science may be an admirable compass, but we do not book our passage by compass. Let us face and conscientiously answer these questions: Why do we denounce murder? Why do so many of us denounce war? Why does vivisection give us pause? In what prejudice or postulate lies the secret of our growing revulsion against hunting and shooting? Our social instinct forces us to feel the pain imposed on others, once we have imagined it. Is painless murder, then, without offense—to be judged by the laws of expediency only? Is the better privileged to eliminate the less good, the stronger to eliminate the weaker?

IT IS one of the finest traditions of the medical profession that, in the practice of his craft, the doctor shall pay no regard to differences in worldly status, in moral worth, or in social importance. It is not for him to judge between the value of one life and that of another. In the practice of medicine, the claims of the individual, lowly and mighty equally, hold as fundamental a position as in the tenets of Christianity. It would indeed be a life of endless and unconquerable difficulty were the doctor to take on himself the responsibility of deciding which of his patients were best worth saving. Yet there are occasions when every doctor, not of the Roman Catholic faith, is confronted with the task of deciding which of two lives has greater value, where one can survive only at the cost of the other. As between a pregnant woman and the unborn child within her, few doctors to-day would hesitate, if such choice had to be made.

The problem which arises, however, when the mother's life is not actually at stake is often not an easy one for the imaginative doctor. Again and again he is appealed to for technical help in a situation which moves every particle of sympathy within him. If he is a good Catholic, his course is clear, even though it be an unpleasant one. But, for the rest, the moral problem remains. He can answer distress with unctuous maxims, hoping thus to stifle his conscience and hide his cowardice. He can commercially exploit the opportunity, after the manner of the blackmailer. Or he can determine to follow the dictates of his conscience, and run the very great risk of finding himself in the criminal court, there to face disgrace for himself and ruin for those dependent on him.

Russia is the only country which officially recognizes abortion as a legitimate method of restricting births; and there any woman, married or unmarried, who desires to have her pregnancy terminated during the first three months of its existence is entitled to have the operation performed by a doctor. A full account of the procedure was recently given in the *Lancet* by Dr. Haden Guest. In Leningrad, the abortions officially tabulated considerably outnumber the live births. Apart from their frequency and official recognition, the most interesting fact about these operations, as performed in the public hospitals, is the small mortality rate.

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Dr. Guest states that, in one hospital he visited, in a series of forty thousand cases, spread over ten years, there had been only two deaths.

The hostility to abortion which is still widely manifested within the medical profession in this country is, for the most part, social and professional rather than religious, moral, or hygienic. The type of individual, often unskilled and reckless, who practises abortion for money, extorting what amounts to blackmail from poor working girls and others already in distress, is, indeed, scarcely calculated to make a favorable appeal to men whose outstanding characteristics are technical pride and social respectability.

These, however, are not the considerations which will weigh with the public. Prejudice and convention will, as usual, play leading parts. At the same time, however distorted may be some of its common manifestations, it is hard to deny the attractiveness and the human superiority of the ideal of sex love and maternity which has captured the imagination of the Western world in post-Christian centuries. Implicit in this ideal is a spiritual or transcendental element on which its peculiar value depends. We cannot afford to disregard this element.

AVEC STALINE DANS LE KREMLINE. *By Boris Bajanov. Paris: Editions de France. 1931. 15 fr.*

(From the *Times Literary Supplement*, London)

BEFORE the appointment of a Commissar for Workers' and Peasants' Inspection there was a long debate in the Soviet Council of People's Commissars. More than one Commissar had his candidate for the new post, and it was pointed out that this one was energetic, that one intelligent, a third devoted. Lenin interrupted the debate. 'What need have we,' he asked, 'of an intelligent man? Let's put Stalin there.' And so Stalin moved one step further up the ladder of Communist success.

Such, at least, is the story as told to Mr. Bajanov; and if, like some of the stories he tells himself, it may be suspected of not conforming strictly to the letter of the truth, it is so near the spirit that no complaint will be made. Mr. Bajanov's story of his own life is strange, but not without parallel in the tortuous course of Russian history. A Little Russian ethnographically and a White Russian politically, he joined the Communist Party after the Revolution with (he says) a vague intention of being on the spot when the time came to overthrow Communism. By industry, a quality that he found rare in Russian Communists, he made his way in the party; and finally, in 1923, he was appointed assistant to Stalin, then planning to oust Trotski and all other possible rivals.

As assistant to Stalin Mr. Bajanov was privileged to attend the meetings of the Politbureau, then, as now, much more concerned with the government of the Soviet Union than the organs whose debates and resolutions are published abroad. He has much of interest to say about the private rivalries of Bolshevist leaders, and his account of the work in Berlin of Krestinski, now First Deputy Foreign Commissar, is worthy of further inquiry. But what makes his memoirs more entertaining than any recent book out of Soviet Russia is his portrait of Stalin. Abroad Stalin is known from Trotski's vicious characterization and from the cartoons of Low—remarkable example of the manner in which instinct can enable portrayal of the character of a man never seen or heard. At home, like some monarch of Eastern fable, he is known only from his rare appearances at national-international demonstrations on the Red Square. Only the initiated are allowed into the Kremlin, and only a few have unrestricted ac-

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cess to Stalin's apartment. Thanks to his position Mr. Bajanov was one of the few.

Stalin at home he found like Stalin in the Politbureau: dissimulating, ingratiating where necessary, silent,—in a country where every one talks too much,—and autocratic. Only one joke has been publicly made about Stalin, and it caused the American journalist who made it to be expelled from the country. Stalin himself, Mr. Bajanov says, made only one joke during the several years of their intercourse, and that, as reported, is an old joke reclothed. For Stalin, even if he had that kind of mind, has no time for jokes, as he has no time for pleasures. Politics is his passion, and to that he devotes all his energy. The method to which Mr. Bajanov ascribes his success is obviously set down in malice, but equally obviously very near the truth. In debate Stalin says nothing, lets everyone talk, and, after paying close attention to what everyone says, gives as his own opinion what he believes to be the opinion of the majority. In organization he puts near him only men of second-rate intelligence, and drives out all those who are likely to take an independent line. Thus has Stalin in the eight years since Lenin died consolidated his position as dictator. Thus it is that Trotski, Tomski, Rykov, Kamenev, and a host of others have been squeezed out of Soviet public life. And thus it is that we may accept as just in spirit Mr. Bajanov's portrait of

> that passionate politician [who] has no other vices. He loves neither money, nor pleasure, nor sport, nor women. . . . Women, the weakness of strong men, women, except his own wife, do not exist for him. Does he devote his leisure to music or reading? No longer. For Stalin the world contains just one art—that of politics. The only distraction that he indulges in from time to time is listening to Verdi's *Aida*.

Such is the view taken of Stalin by an avowed enemy.

VON DREI MILLIONEN DREI. *By Leonhard Frank. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1932.*

(Axel Eggebrecht in the *Literarische Welt*, Berlin)

UNEMPLOYMENT. First it was the destiny of our country, then of a continent, now of the whole world. It has become the sign and symbol of our period. It throttles us so fiercely that we may well ask how an author can write about it. Is it literary material? Does not all our strength and art abdicate in the face of such an overwhelming reality? Leonhard Frank dares to make the attempt. Boldly, he discusses the terrible, weird paradox, to wit, that man wants to work and is not allowed to do so. Here is the plot of his story.

Three unemployed men, a tailor, a writer, and a factory worker, band together and leave their native city, where they can earn no more bread. With the vague idea that things must be better somewhere else in the world, they venture forth across country. They begin by vagabonding along the Main, which Frank has described to us in his beautiful early novels. Then they get the idea of emigrating to South America. Of course, if they had the money to pay their passage, they would depart forthwith. But their plan seems likely to remain a lovely dream until an Englishman providentially gives them a hundred-pound note. At this point the dream becomes a definite project. They sail from Hamburg, have a few little adventures in Rio and Buenos Aires, and, finally, find jobs in a province of the Argentine. They live in an unfinished factory with two half-breed girls.

But even in this remote spot, where they think they have found a secure existence, the wave of unemployment inundating the whole world reaches them. They are fired. The tailor dies of fever. The other two go to the capital, where they become involved in a street

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brawl during a revolt and are arrested and sent back to Germany. In Marseille they escape from their ship and make a few weird attempts there and in Genoa to earn a little money. Finally, they have to go back to Germany. But because they have now got used to city air they want to try their luck first in Berlin, which they find merciless. This is the most miserable experience of any that they have had. They are ravaged with hunger; they sleep under bridges, try to smuggle their way into relief stations. When all their efforts have failed only one course lies open to them—to return to their native town. Weary, exhausted, and hopeless, they come back, and the story of the three, or rather of the two, ends on the banks of the Main, as they disappear among the three millions, whose numbers have now increased to four or five.

Frank has attempted to describe the fate of the unemployed in a very personal, individualistic way, without relation to parties or politics. Of course, there are occasional comments on the background of the misery that has gripped the world, but for the most part his three characters are concerned only with themselves. Is it a depressing, melancholy book? Not entirely. Of course, the author has not attempted to discover any way out of the universal misery. But he has given his three characters courage, humor, and sagacity to accompany them on their way, as well as a most uncommon amount of personal luck. But the *deus ex machina*, in the form of the hundred-pound note, cannot really be regarded as a significant or encouraging solution. However attractive its romantic appearance may be, it remains a pure fable which has about one chance in three million of actually happening.

Very striking, too, is the idea that inescapable destiny in the form of unemployment has followed these three men to the ends of the earth. But the description of gay, exotic life is not so convincing as the description of the everyday gray misery of Europe. Berlin, its people and its want, are not so close to the author as his own home, the Main valley. His work becomes true and alive as soon as he begins to deal with the Main valley and its people, that is to say at the beginning and end of the book and in all the bright little significant dialogues between the three chief characters.

This is not the way that the great novel on unemployment will be written, but *Von drei Millionen Drei* is none the less an important, stimulating book in many respects. For fifteen years I have always been strongly impressed by Frank's work and, therefore, I am particularly pleased to find that he has dropped the snobbish line that he took in *Bruder und Schwester*. His new novel seems to me to stand on a much higher plane. I am only too pleased to regain my faith in a writer of whom I had begun to entertain doubts in the last few years.

SOT. *By Leonid Leonov. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1932. 7s. 6d.*

(From the *Manchester Guardian*)

THE real hero of this book is the Five-Year Plan. It is the story of the harnessing of a river, the Sot, to run a cellulose factory. Nearly the whole of the action takes place far from Moscow, far from all towns, in the country of inexhaustible forest. Here is man the planner, wearing himself out in persuading others that his plan is good and then throwing all that is left of his life into getting the great work started that he cannot hope to see finished and in action. We see his helpers, some devoted to the idea, others, not revolutionaries, drawn in simply because, as technical experts, they cannot bear to stand aside when

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such things are being attempted, others mere timeservers, others again for whom the dam and the factory come to mean their life's work because of the labor they have put into it, so that when the crisis comes and the whole structure is in danger they risk their lives to save it. We are made to feel the untamable energy that surges through a young, a growing country, making, destroying, not to be suppressed, not to be held back for long no matter by what obstacle, like the river itself piling up behind a jam of logs and at last breaking through it and sweeping all away. And we are made to feel the uncertainty, the dull bitterness, of those for whom the revolution has been an end of good, a breaking up of peace, a collapse of the very axioms on which their lives have been built. Here is a book that brings out clearly the two forces at work in Russia—the revolution that sweeps clear the way, ruining many as it sweeps, and the intense consciousness of an undeveloped country that the future is with it, that its resources are hardly touched, that (no matter what happens away there in the towns) here and now something new is being brought to life. There is a human story in the book, but far more impressive than the fate of individual characters is the tremendous struggle of the builders against the hostility of the past, the apathy of the present, and the elemental forces of nature. It is a remarkable book, and it is a pity that an attempt to copy a Russian style should have resulted in exasperating eccentricities of English. As the book proceeds the translation improves and becomes less inclined to hesitate between English and what seems to be a would-be literal rendering of Russian. So many Russian words are used that there is no need whatever to talk of 'plug tobacco' or of 'shag' when neither variety is known in Russia. It was surely unnecessary to write 'rudely shouts the measly monk,' 'soily furrow,' 'bonny blood,' 'sultry northern ill-weather,' or 'plained,' or 'thou are' (this may, of course, be a misprint). No matter, Leonid Leonov survives all this, and long before the end of the book we have ceased to be critical of his translators.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Academic Proletarians

FRANCE as well as Germany now has an academic proletariat on its hands, a generation of young people with university training but no jobs. According to Marxian theory, this middle-class element is destined to be pulverized by the upper millstone of the capitalists and the nether millstone of the workers, but in actuality the plight of the propertyless intellectual is not quite so simple. In spite of the deepening economic depression, more and more Germans, not less and less, have been attending the universities every year. In the summer of 1911, Germany had 55,000 university students; in 1925, 60,000; and in 1931, 100,000. A similar condition exists in the secondary schools of France, where class rooms that used to contain twenty-five or thirty pupils must now accommodate forty or fifty. What has happened is that unemployment has driven young men who would normally have engaged in manual labor to pursue higher learning in the hope of getting technical or official positions. In Germany the number of scientific students has doubled within the past few years and there has been an almost equal increase in the number of prospective preachers, physicians, lawyers, and economists.

The growing demand for higher education not only swells the army of the unemployed, but it costs the taxpayer money. Protests have been made on both sides of the Rhine against the admission of unqualified students to advanced courses. A contributor to *Comœdia* says: 'It is not true that everybody has the right to a secondary education. It should be reserved for those who are capable of assimilating it and for those who, when they receive it, will be able to render a service to society.' A contributor to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, after pointing out that there will be 100,000 unemployed university graduates in Germany this year, says: 'Only those men should receive university training whose secondary-school studies prove that they will be useful to society as a whole.' It is worth noting that the French would curtail education at the secondary-school age, whereas the Germans are more worried about the number of candidates for still more advanced studies. Evidently a secondary-school education is still considered the birthright of every German but not of every Frenchman.

Reorganizing Reuters

THE great British news service known as Reuters, which corresponds to our own Associated Press and to the Havas and Wolff agencies in France and Germany, has grown so rapidly since the War that it has lately been reorganized. With the resignation of S. Carey Clements as general manager after nearly fifty years of service, his duties were divided between two people, W. L. Murray being appointed European general manager and William Turner overseas general manager. Sir Roderick Jones, chairman and managing director of the company, described in an interview the policies and problems of his great international news service, which for nearly a century has played an important part in the British imperialistic system. Never to be content, he says, is the watchword of Reuters, which was the first news service to use broadcast wireless telegraphy for sending its dispatches and which does not hesitate to give young men positions of responsibility—a practice not at all common in modern England. He described the plans of the organization as follows, touching quite significantly on American competition:—

'The present abolition of the managership of Reuters with the creation in its place of a European general managership and an overseas general managership, in addition to the six existing general managerships with their headquarters at Bombay, Capetown, Cairo, Sydney, Shanghai, and Ottawa, follows upon an intensive overhaul of our news services and arrangements which we have been conducting for

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the past two years. And the process is not yet finished. There is more to come.

'As a British organization we are face to face with far the keenest news competition internationally, largely American, that has ever confronted us. We do not in the least mind this. So long as it is honest and unsubsidized we like it.

'This international news game is a tremendous game, rich in interest and fierce in excitement, which it could never be if we had everything our own way. We constantly give battle, and meet it, and the joy of doing so is an inexhaustible impulse to further effort and endeavor and wider conquest.

'We are determined to demonstrate that it is possible for an old organization, with its roots deep down in the last century, to remain vitally and passionately young. We achieve that by being, as I have already indicated, never content.'

Sir Roderick then explained why he was a great believer in youth and gave descriptions of some of the young men who are already high in the service:—

'Personally I am a firm believer in youth, and am always trying it out. I can never forget that Baron de Reuter had the temerity to send me to the Cape at the age of twenty-seven to take charge of all Reuters' interests in South Africa and Central Africa.

'That act of trust made an abiding impression upon my mind. It was a venture taken by an illustrious chief in days when it was not fashionable to bestow high responsibilities upon very young men. It brought the best out of me, and ever since then I have adventured repeatedly by appointing youthful candidates to onerous offices.

'Mr. Rickatson-Hatt, who has had a remarkable career in Reuters at home and abroad since he left Oxford and the army, became joint editor-in-chief twelve months ago, while still in the very early thirties.

'Then three months ago, after brilliant scholarship at Eton and Cambridge, and intensive experience in all branches of Reuters, Mr. Christopher Chancellor, son of Sir John Chancellor, succeeded to the important post of general manager in the Far East at the age of twenty-eight. He has under his direct control offices, managers, and correspondents all over the Far East, from Malaya and the Dutch East Indies up to Manchuria, and he carries a very heavy responsibility. But I selected him for that responsibility, young as he is, because I believe him capable of discharging it.'

As long as the British public continues to receive its news from abroad under the supervision of such typical young Oxonians and Etonians, the future of the Empire would seem to be in safe hands.

The Art of René Clair

As the producer of *Sous les Toits de Paris*, *Le Million*, and now *À Nous la Liberté*, René Clair has established an international reputation for himself in the film world. He is chiefly remarkable as being the only Frenchman to have achieved outstanding success in this field, the only man who has transposed to the screen those characteristically French virtues of balance and restraint that are so conspicuously absent from German, American, and Russian pictures. René Clair's real name is Chaumette and he belongs to an upper-middle-class Parisian family. In 1919, at the age of 21, he began life as a journalist, shifting after two years to acting in the movies. In 1923 he produced his first film, which had no success, and in 1926 he wrote a novel. A year later, however, he returned to the films and made a real hit with *Un chapeau de paille d'Italie*. Then came two more pictures and finally, in 1930, *Sous les Toits de Paris*. His reputation was made.

M. Clair admits to being a disciple, and a humble one, of Charlie Chaplin, for he keeps within his own limitations, avoiding farce, grandeur, and tragedy. Writing from Paris, Philip Carr of the London *Observer* has this to say about Clair's last three pictures:—

'These three films may be taken as in several ways typical of different aspects of René Clair's art. For instance, the setting of each was of a different kind. The first he conceived as requiring realistic scenery, and the second as demanding fanciful scenery, while only a harmonious mixture

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of the solidly and heavily real and the imaginative was appropriate to the third.

'In this last film, moreover, he considers that his ideas about the relative importance of the visual and oral parts of a film find their best expression. For him, the picture must always stand first in importance, and, if there is any conflict between sight and sound, sound must be relentlessly sacrificed. He is not for neglecting such assistance as sound can supply, and has no desire to confine himself to what he calls the deaf-and-dumb film, but he insists that the words should be important for their intonation rather than for their sense, and he considers that any picture, even if it is a talking picture, should be comprehensible to a spectator who does not understand the language. That is partly why he has always refused to allow his films to be given in any language but French, though another reason is that he considers that something of the artistic effect is inevitably lost when a second production, which has not the spontaneity of creation of the first, is made in another language.'

Although a believer that the picture should take precedence over the sound, M. Clair has sometimes blacked out the screen entirely for a few moments and fallen back on sound effects. Like Chaplin, he does not care for the talkies, but his attitude is not uncompromising. He always tries to develop all the possibilities that are peculiar to the screen rather than to use it as a medium for presenting stage plays.

Germany's Feminine Book League

THE women of Germany have established a new kind of book league known as the 'Deutsche Frauenbund für das Buch' which is designed to aid artists and writers rather than to serve its members. The membership fee is fifty pfennings a month and the subscribers receive a monthly bulletin which is chiefly devoted to describing the plight of indigent authors. The officers of the League receive no salaries and their duties consist of establishing literary prizes, arranging for the disposal of unsold books to members of the League, and helping to finance new publications. One significant aspect of the League is that it will attack as an individualistic body the policy of centralization and rationalization that has affected all German professions and ruined many of them.

The League has begun its work by sending a questionnaire to German artists and intellectuals, whose answers give a pathetic picture of their plight. One writer, Egon von Kapherr, has said, 'The greatest scholars, poets, and inventors are not worth half as much to-day as one negro boxer.' Here are some of the replies that have come in from the men whom the League is designed to help: 'I can't say when I had my last hot meal. For a year and a half I have lived on thirty to forty marks a month.' In other words, between six and eight dollars in American currency. 'My wife and I have no coats, shirts, or stockings,' writes somebody else. 'I should like most of all to be sent some rice and flour.' A painter whose work has been shown in all the best European galleries writes: 'In 1927 my pictures were selling for between 800 and 1,500 marks and to-day I cannot exchange one of them for the overcoat that I need this winter. To work I need materials that cost 15 to 20 marks a month. Could you get me a job as a teacher or decorator?'

André Thérive, one of the leading Paris critics, pretends that he is not gloating when he recalls a German librarian who said to him at the Leipzig Fair two years ago, 'You can tell France that Germany is not dead.' The moral that M. Thérive draws is that the Socialists are responsible for the misery of the German artists, who are returning to the old Christian virtue of charity as their only salvation.

Sex Films in England

AT the same moment that the British Board of Film Censors was issuing a warning against sex films of foreign origin, the Australian censor was attacking the 'low moral tone' of many recent English pictures. True to the national tradition of fair play, the British did not abuse the foreign movie as such, they simply opened fire on objectionable films in general, and when

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the smoke cleared it became evident that the foreigner was the only offender. As Campbell Dixon of the *Daily Telegraph* says, 'It should be made clear that the British Board of Film Censors' criticism is not directed solely at British films. There is no reason why it should be. Of thirty-four films rejected last year not one was made in this country.'

It is hardly surprising that the leading British producers take exactly the same impartial view that Mr. Dixon does, one of them having said to him, 'We have always found the British Board fairness itself. It judges each picture on its merits, regardless of where it comes from. Cuts have been made but never without reason.'

But with the Austrialian censor 'it is quite another matter.' The proportion of British and American films rejected show how definite the bias is. In 1931 30 per cent of the British films coming to Australia were cut, as compared with 35 per cent of the American films. And, in respect to films that were excluded entirely, the proportion is actually in America's favor, only 4.8 per cent of American films having been refused as against 8.7 per cent of the British. Yet the British insist on regarding this as unfair discrimination, although 19.5 per cent of all films shown in Australia during 1931 were of British origin as against 8.6 per cent in 1930 and 7.4 per cent in 1929. Unable to force more of their films on the Australian market or to keep more American films out, the British are therefore beginning their charity at home and will hereafter reject all films that contain any of these elements:—

'Too many and too long bedroom scenes; seminudity in bathing and other scenes; ultrapassionate love-making; drunken orgies; brutality; cruelty and other offenses against decency and good taste.'

But this list is as nothing compared to the specific complaints drawn up against films that have already been banned. Here are some—not all—of the grounds on which foreign pictures have been excluded from the British market. No native film was adjudged guilty on any of the following counts:—

'The materialized figure of our Saviour; blasphemy and comic treatment of religious subjects; travesty of religious rites; marriage treated with contempt; death treated with vulgar flippancy; gross and brutal travesty of prison life; hospital scenes treated with vulgar levity; physiological enormities; suggestive theme acted throughout by children; unrelieved sordid scenes; prolonged and gross brutality and bloodshed; scenes in and connected with houses of ill-repute; lives of thoroughly immoral men and women; collusive divorce; stories in which the criminal element is predominant; equivocal and objectionable bedroom scenes; habitual youthful depravity; habitual immorality; offensive political propaganda; gross and objectionable dialogue; and references to the Prince of Wales.'

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AS OTHERS SEE US

KENTUCKY THROUGH ENGLISH EYES

UNDER the title, 'My Old Kentucky Home,' Miss Jennie Lee, who has had wide experience in the Labor movement in England, describes the wretched conditions she discovered in the coal fields of Bell County, Kentucky:—

Of all the God-forsaken spots I have yet visited, American mining camps are certainly the worst. The reports of hunger and squalor and repression that reached me before I ventured into the coal fields sounded wild exaggerations of what could possibly take place. But a first glimpse of the gray, forlorn-looking wooden shacks in which the miners must live confirmed much, and an incident that almost landed me in jail within an hour of my arrival further speeded up my acquaintance with this grim hinterland of modern industrialism.

A meeting of striking miners from surrounding camps was in progress as my train steamed into Pineville, Kentucky, so I hurried to the spot, but was only in time to hear the mayor stop the speakers on the plea that no permit had been sought. With hardly a murmur, the cowed-looking gathering stole away, and I learned that the miner's wife whom I had particularly wanted to talk with had been the previous speaker, and was now in the hands of the police. Friendly miners at once volunteered to take me to the police office. We met her coming out, showing plainly the worry and strain of the cross-questioning she had undergone, and I hurried her into the hotel where I was living.

Hardly were we seated and beginning to discuss the events of the day when the door of my bedroom was thrown open and in marched the mayor and the chief of police. Without allowing time for replies to a volley of questions as to who I was and what was my business there, forward stepped the bold officer of the law and announced: 'I guess we'll keep you.' It all seemed a joke to me—a kind of wild and woolly west scene from an American movie—but I soon discovered differently. Without the slightest doubt if I had been a free-born American instead of a visitor from Britain, the customary hospitality of the place would have been extended to me, and I should probably at this moment be in an American prison. Later in the day I visited the jail, and discovered about twenty men and half a dozen women who had come to the area to help organize or even merely to feed the starving miners, and, for those criminal tendencies, had been placed safely behind lock and bar.

In theory the official point of view is that the miners may organize, demonstrate, and collect relief provided they are in no way associated with the Communist Party, which is an illegal organization in America. In practice charges of criminal syndicalism and breaches of the peace are lavishly distributed among all comers who show active sympathy for the striking miners.

The day following my civic reception by the mayor of Pineville I made my way into half a dozen of the larger camps, and everywhere was met by the same drab scene—small tumble-down wooden shacks without even the most rudimentary sanitation, mud and scanty brown grass where gardens and streets ought to have been, the threatening outline of the colliery looming in the background, and the company-owned store in the centre. I discussed these stores with the women, and learned that, whether they wished to or not, they were compelled to spend most of their wages there, and that, with exquisite chivalry, the companies further took advantage of their helplessness by charging higher prices than those in the free shops of neighboring towns.

And what wages! In good times, it was admitted, the miners had once been able to make around 16*s*. per day, but 6*s*. to 8*s*. was now a normal wage, with two or three days' work a common average of employment. Rent alone consumes from 6*s*. to 10*s*., per week.

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Before coming to Kentucky I expected to find the whole coal fields on strike, but, alas, hunger and hopelessness had started their devil's dance, and wherever the owners seriously wanted to resume output men were beginning to crawl back to work. The strike originated in April of last year, all reserves have long since been eaten up, and relief organization is of the scantiest kind and, in some places, entirely non-existent. In one camp the women broken-heartedly explained how a dreaded bowel disease which they called 'flux' had carried off some of the children, and that this illness was the result of prolonged underfeeding and the efforts to stay the pangs of hunger by devouring chunks of raw cabbage or anything else they could lay hands on. One woman told me how she and her four children had lived from Friday to Monday on cabbage leaves alone, and when I demanded what her husband had done in the meantime another grim vista of camp life was opened for me.

It appeared that her husband had been one of the most active spirits in organizing the strike, and for this had been permanently blacklisted and literally beaten out of the county by 'gun thugs.'

Kentucky has its own peculiar way of interpreting American democratic principles. The local press on the same day contained a news item about two miners' leaders who, in giving evidence in court, described how they had been beaten into insensibility by company gun thugs and left on an exposed mountain side throughout the whole night.

Varied indeed are the rewards of labor leadership! I see visions of Snowden in the robes of an English peer, and many another political parvenu, compared with whom the ordinary commercial *nouveau riche* looks relatively respectable. To win prominence by making articulate the needs and sorrows of the poor, to gain the respect and loyalty of struggling masses of workers, and then to cross the line, must, unless the judicial system of the next world has also been 'rigged,' invite the maximum penalties the devil can impose. For desertion in the hour of battle is not a blow to British Labor alone but has its echoes even in these remote Kentucky mining camps.

Moscow Looks at Hoover

TO JUDGE from a leading editorial in the *Moskauer Rundschau*, a German-language Communist weekly published in Moscow, President Hoover is receiving much the same treatment in Russia that he gets in his own country. Here are some characteristic paragraphs:—

America is a happy country, happy because President Hoover leads it. In two and a half years the raging economic crisis has done America no great damage. It is no great damage that industry has fallen below the 1921 level. It is no great damage that steel and iron production have declined sixty per cent. It is no great damage that security values have fallen eighty or ninety per cent. It is no great damage that fourteen million people are unemployed. It is no great damage that agriculture is ruined and that the budget is facing a deficit of over a billion dollars. It is no great damage that the hurricane of mistrust is drawing closer and closer to the dollar. All this is of no great damage to America so long as Mr. Hoover leads the country. He will always find means to help those in need.

For Mr. Hoover has his favorites. He does not like the workers and farmers. He denies them any assistance at all. Fourteen million unemployed can live as they please. Welfare agencies will come to their aid. It is not Mr. Hoover's business to pay any attention to the millions who are poor, demoralized, and hungry. Mr. Hoover cannot bother with such trivial matters. But when the banks are threatened, when they begin to fail, Mr. Hoover is beside himself. A few thousand bankers darken the whole American horizon. To him America is not a hundred and twenty million working people, of whom more than half are hungry, but a few thousand bankers and industrialists. Mr. Hoover is worrying about them day and night. Even though he suggested that Congress appropriate five hundred million dollars to aid the farms, he did not have the farmers' interests in mind but the interests of the banks to whom the farms owe money. It

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was not the farmer but the agricultural banker who received this big present from Mr. Hoover.

Nor does Mr. Hoover care about the little banks. They are beneath his attention. It is the fate of the big banks that gives him no peace. How are these banks to be saved, with their tremendous quantity of frozen assets? Perfectly simple. They must be relieved of their stocks and bonds that have become valueless and given credit on the security of this worthless paper. Since there is not a sensible banker in the United States who would lend money on such paper, Mr. Hoover has handed over this job to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. This means, first, that all losses are to be shifted to the shoulders of the masses in the form of taxes, and, secondly, that a new source of credit is being opened up which has an undoubtedly inflationist character.

Here is the concluding paragraph:—

The United States is facing a presidential election. Mr. Hoover came into the White House as the president of prosperity. He does not want to disappear from the political arena as the president of crisis and poverty. He obviously believes that his recent measures will bring about a temporary, fictitious rise in the stock market. Perhaps he hopes secretly that he may be able, under the mantle of this fiction, to return to the White House and that the big bankers and capitalists whom he has helped will aid him. But Mr. Hoover will not relieve the crisis by any such methods. On the contrary, they will only make the situation worse.

'Elmer Gantry' in French

THE appearance of Sinclair Lewis's *Elmer Gantry* in a French translation has brought forth the following comments in *Candide*:—

Up to now the works of Sinclair Lewis, as well as those of Upton Sinclair and Theodore Dreiser, have revealed the ravages of a way of being and thinking that any disinterested speculative spirit must regard as being based exclusively on King Dollar, or, as the Yankees like to say, Mr. Dollar. We thought that these instructive, picturesque stories proved that the interior light of a great people had been totally eclipsed, but when we read *Elmer Gantry* American materialism seems like a lesser evil, a neutral attitude, a mere venial sin and not a sin against the Holy Ghost.

What this terrible he-goat of a Gantry reveals is not spiritual emptiness, but outrageous degradation, the adaptation of the scoffed-at clergyman to the purposes of a utilitarian culture. It is a weird caricature of holiness. For the U. S. A., which its citizens proudly describe as 'God's own country,' is inhabited by pious folk against whom the libertines of Greenwich Village cannot prevail. They practice a faith that reduces spiritual exercise to sport and that submits everybody to police control in the name of morality. The minister is a business man. Salvation is his trade and miracles are produced just like prescriptions. New faiths are launched with all the stunts of commercial advertising, plus a sincere conviction of well-doing.

The story of Mr. Gantry deals with a pastor who has no calling for that profession and who therefore becomes a wolf in the flock. But the sheep are even more terrible than the wolf. Of course nothing could be less edifying than the scandalous history of Elmer, that cynical, greedy climber, brutal and lazy, a vain ham actor to the bottom of his soul to whom ordination is simply a means of getting ahead in the world.

What amazes us is not so much the gross ruses of this impostor as the credulity of his voluntary dupes, in other words, the lack of religious feeling that leads so many honest folk to be soothed by his oily unction, terrified by the fear of 'good old hell,' transported by collective hysteria, and stimulated by athletic events so that Bible reading gives way to Marathon races and sprints. Millions of men of good faith, divided into various churches or sects, seek for comfort in temples, missions, or tabernacles, where ignorant evangelists, dubious healers, and sharp business men preach the good word. Insidiously Christ is identified with the dollar and Elmer Gantry is his prophet.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

American intellectuals, Mr. Murry is much impressed with the teachings of Karl Marx, whom he regards as a latter-day prophet and who has inspired him to write a whole book, of which his present article is but an outline.

ERNST ROBERT CURTIUS is the best friend France has in Germany. He has written an important book on Proust and his more recent *Essay on France* is appearing this spring in translation both in France and the United States. Dr. Curtius, who is no relation to the former German foreign minister of the same name, is an ardent humanist and is well qualified to present the case for the past which we offer by way of contrast to Mr. Murry's case for the future.

THE name of C. P. Scott was never so famous throughout the world as the name of the paper that he edited for over half a century—the *Manchester Guardian*. His recent death at the age of eighty-five ended a great career and possibly a great tradition, too, for the world of free trade and bourgeois liberalism—see Professor Lessing's essay on the subject—now seems to have disappeared for all time. Mr. A. G. Gardiner, a fellow Liberal who edited the *Daily News* of London from 1902 to 1919 and who has written half a dozen books on contemporary problems, contrasts Mr. Scott's career with that of Lord Northcliffe, who entered the newspaper field after Scott did and died long before him. Certainly Lord Northcliffe's papers never commanded the intellectual respect that the *Manchester Guardian* enjoyed, but they carried greater political influence by reason of their enormous circulation, and many of his ideas have had a permanent influence on British journalism.

ERWIN RITTER'S 'German Threnody' is a tangible example of the kind of writing that André Levinson discusses under the title of 'Germany's Literary Revenge.' Though a Frenchman, M. Levinson is well posted on the literatures of other nations and he has compiled an impressive list of books that breathe a very different spirit from that of Erich Remarque, Emil Ludwig, and Lion Feuchtwanger. The post-war German writers who are best known abroad are no longer read in their own country, which now demands nationalism in its intellectual as well as its political life. The fact is that the crisis in Germany has grown so acute that the ordinary canons of taste have gone by the board and even imaginative writing must now bear directly on the great issues of the day.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS has written a new novel, *The Family Circle*, which most critics have hailed as the best book of his career. His old friend, Frédéric Lefèvre, subjects him to an interview that not only covers the plot of the book but gives the author a chance to explain how he wrote it and what his purposes were. The plot deals with the relations between mother and daughter and the book ends when the daughter finds salvation by looking outside the family circle at the real world. The underlying theme of this book is the mother and daughter relationship, which M. Maurois believes to be one of great significance and tension.

WE HAVE printed so much material derogatory to France in recent issues that we are glad to call attention to one friendly item in this issue—Denis Saurat's sketch of 'Alain.' The subject of this little essay has had an influence on modern French letters out of all proportion to his popularity with the reading public, André Maurois being one of his most eminent disciples. 'Alain' belongs to the humane French tradition; he has nothing in common with the professional patriots and reactionaries who are making a great din at the moment. His prestige is a justification of Anatole France's words, 'Slowly but always humanity realizes the dreams of the wise men.'

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WAR AND PEACE

CERTAIN European countries are indulging here at Geneva in theories that may distract us from our real task. These countries say first security, then disarmament; first confidence, then security; first moral disarmament, then confidence, and so on. Germany replies, 'Such reasoning will hardly get us anywhere in the matter of disarmament.' That is why, Germany says, after years and years of preliminary work, the nations should now at long last do something really positive and tangible.—*Rudolf Nadolny, chief of the German delegation at the Disarmament Conference.*

Each of us, I mean each of our countries, has national interests to defend, and none of us can expect them to be sacrificed unconditionally. But I would ask if at this time there is not a greater bond, a more urgent interest, that of peaceful coöperation between the nations, and if our first duty to our people is not to secure conditions under which all can work in peace. These are conditions that no armaments can provide. Armaments have never given any people either peace or security.—*Dino Grandi, Italian Foreign Minister.*

The Japanese people, poisoned by the modern utilitarian spirit, had become forgetful of their mission. The present incident has awakened them from their dreams of an unworthy peace and stimulated a revival of the national spirit. A remote cause of the present affair was the spiritual regeneration of the Japanese people, but it has brought about a spiritual resurrection. The heroism displayed at Shanghai shows that the national spirit still lives in the army.—*Lieutenant General Sadao Araki, Japanese War Minister.*

It is most absurd to charge China with militarism. China is only exercising her natural rights of defending her territory and her sovereign rights. She is left alone to resist the onslaught on the sanctity of international agreements guaranteeing world peace, as well as the sovereignty, independence, territorial and administrative integrity of nations.—*Dr. Lo Wen-ken, Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs.*

My advice to England at the present moment of crisis in the Far East is to let the yellow men have a go at each other if they want to, while we sell them cloth.—*Colonel R. E. Sugden, D. S. O., of the British Army.*

Some nations are willing to disarm if their security is assured and guaranteed. Others, my own among them, believe that disarmament would be the best means to promote security. The question is whether to have security and then disarmament, or disarmament and then security. But this problem of which shall come first is very much like the familiar one of the conflicting claims to priority in time of the hen and the egg.—*Augusto Rossi, Italian delegate to the Disarmament Conference.*

The great moral importance of the Disarmament Conference is that it once more gives to the governments and the people an opportunity to put first things first. To do away with ships or guns or airplanes is to do something visible, tangible, in effect symbolic. It is quite different from signing pieces of paper and making promises about what you will do in certain hypothetical contingencies—a process that most people have always regarded with a certain amount of suspicion. To achieve a definite decrease in the paraphernalia of war would be a much more effective contribution to peace than all treaties about arbitration and renouncing war can ever be.—*Viscount Cecil of Chelwood.*

We must abolish every kind of war—economic, racial, and civil—or civilization will perish. The most practical thing statesmen could do at Geneva would be to agree once and for all to complete and total disarmament. If the pacts, treaties, and agreements already signed mean what ordinary people think they mean—that the Great Powers do not intend to go to war again—why then manufacture armaments? Let the statesmen at Geneva ask each other openly and in the light of day, 'Whom are we arming against?'—*George Lansbury, leader of the opposition in the House of Commons.*

It is true that in Paris they consider the Soviet proposal of universal disarmament a proof of the belligerent intentions of Moscow, and on the other hand the refusal of France to take steps toward disarmament they regard as an expression of her peaceful intentions. Following the same logic, the French official press considers the Japanese invasion of China an act of civilization, the Chinese resistance a barbarous act. Burglars, according to this logic, are not those who break into other people's houses, but those who defend their own. It is difficult to concur in this.—*Leon Trotski.*

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